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Hessian Day Rally

February 22 is the date. The enormous amphitheatre of Madison Square Garden is the place. A mass meeting for Patriotism and the American Tradition is the program. But the sponsors and hall-hirers are the members of the German-American Nazi Bund. Why call this rally of mercenary troops a Washington's Birthday meeting? Why not just call it Hessian Day?

Judge and Citizen

The retirement of Mr. Justice Louis D. Brandeis from the Supreme Court deprives the government of the services of one of our greatest citizens. With Mr. Justice Holmes, he was for years a pioneer dissenter from decisions that kept national and local governments in a straitjacket when they tried to adopt progressive social and economic policies. Many of his dissents expressed opinions that have subsequently become accepted doctrine. He always stood for freedom of experiment. Before his appointment to the Court, he had, as counsel, inaugurated the practice of bringing to bear on legal questions an exhaustive presentation of social facts, so that decisions might be rendered in an atmosphere of realism. Mr. Brandeis has always kept as a background of his thinking a keen sense of the dignity of the human personality, its need for scope and for responsible tasks not beyond human powers. He has been more than a judge. In ways involving no judicial impropriety his influence deeply affected the thinking of many younger men, by whom he was regarded as a modern patriarch. We have not always agreed with Mr. Brandeis; sometimes his fear of mere bigness, we felt, blinded him to necessary developments in an industrial society. But we are glad that his retirement from the bench does not deprive the nation of his influence and wisdom. If he now can give more scope to his contributions to public discussion, our common life will gain from the fertilization.

Selling Out Spain

Repeated announcements by Premier Juan Negrín and General José Miaja have finally convinced the world's press that the Spanish Republic will fight on. The British and French governments, who for two weeks have been doing everything possible to get the Republic to surrender, have been forced to slow up a little. The government now at Madrid remains as an obstacle to their recognition of Franco, though Chamberlain and Daladier both seem pathetically eager to send ambassadors to Burgos. Now that Spain is almost prostrate, they want to loot the body. The Italian papers spoke of vultures on the battlefield and for once they weren't far wrong.

Mr. Chamberlain admitted in the House of Commons that he has no specific guarantee that Minorca—whose surrender the British helped to obtain—will not be occupied by Italian troops. The Prime Minister says he is relying on the general assurance that the Italians will leave when the war is over. Considering the attitude of the Italian press, such statements seem fatuous or insincere. Mr. Chamberlain wouldn't promise not to recognize the Franco regime or to consult Parliament before doing so.

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The French diplomatic efforts to get on friendly terms with Franco were extended to urging Spanish refugees in France to go over to Rebel territory. Observers said French authorities were helping representatives of Franco to propagandize the refugees and were using police measures to prevent Loyalist counter-demonstrations. Conditions in the refugee camps were admittedly nauseous. The large numbers of refugees who did return to Fascist territory were confronted by a new decree of Franco, providing for the punishment of anyone who, from October 1, 1934, "contributed to the aggravation of subversive activities," or, after the rebellion broke out, was guilty of "grave political acts." Exile and loss of citizenship were among the penalties; officials said they were the most severe. Everyone knows how such decrees are used by Fascists.

God in Government

The Right Reverend Joseph Corrigan, rector of the Catholic University of America, has announced a national Crusade for God in Government. Here is one noble cause we don't propose to endorse, though not for any lack of religious fervor. If Mgr. Corrigan had launched a crusade for more Christianity in government, that would have been a different matter. Nothing is so much needed by statesmen—and often by churchmen too—as the Christian virtues of tolerance and humility. But when Mgr. Corrigan speaks of God in our government, we want to ask him, without irreverence, which God? Does he mean the just God of the Jews, or the stern God of the Calvinists, or the redeeming God of the Baptists, or the metaphysical God of the Christian Scientists, or the unworldly God of the Franciscans, or the politically minded God of the Jesuits? The trouble is that men and churches interpret God in their own image. And we fear that Mgr. Corrigan's God in government would be equivalent to the church in government—exactly what this country has always tried to avoid. That was clear enough even at the Constitutional Convention. Benjamin Franklin was appalled by the squabbles among the delegates, and suggested that they get a minister to open each meeting with prayers to God. Alexander Hamilton answered—with general approval—that they could get along without the help of any foreign power.

Audit of the Auditors

Price, Waterhouse and Company, perhaps the greatest of American accounting firms, is getting into more hot water. In the McKesson and Robbins case, its audit was admittedly superficial, but the criticisms leveled at the firm were based on acts of omission, that is, it did not make an outside check, it made no real examination of inventories but relied on the certification of a "responsible" officer in the corporation (Musica-Coster) as to the quality and quantity of the goods. But on Interstate Commerce has just revealed that Price, Waterhouse, in its 1933 audit of the accounts of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, was guilty of acts of commission of a very serious nature. In this instance it *did* make an outside check in regard to an item of $3,200,000 supposedly on deposit with the Guaranty Trust Company. The bank answered its inquiry with a letter stating that the particular deposit did not exist, specifically that "there were no funds on deposit with us, as Depositary under the above Contracts, as of March 31, 1933, or December 31, 1933." Having checked and discovered the truth, Price, Waterhouse nevertheless included the nonexistent deposit in its auditor's certificate under the heading "Current assets—Special deposits." It was, indeed, a special kind of deposit—it wasn't there! This report that went to the stockholders was therefore false. To make matters worse, Price, Waterhouse then submitted another report which told the truth—but this report went only to the trustees and a few privileged insiders. This latest Price, Waterhouse scandal makes it even more imperative that the whole subject of accountancy practice be investigated.

A Voice from the Grave

The Republican Party, launching its campaign for victory in 1940, made ex-President Hoover its headline speaker. Mr. Hoover has had no new ideas since he was overwhelmingly voted out of office. Like the Republicans in Congress who helped reduce the WPA, he is against the spending policy. He raises the old bogey of inflation while at the same time he denies that the Roosevelt policies can bring prosperity or end unemployment. Only an economic illiterate could express both these ideas, since it is an axiom that you cannot have inflation without virtually complete use of productive capacity and shortages of goods and labor. Mr. Hoover wants to return to the system of unemployment relief—dependent mainly on voluntary charity and local taxes—that existed in 1930. Ironically, in view of Republican heartlessness on this question, he implies that it is only the Democrats who "play politics" with human misery.

Japan Wins a Round

In the ring styles of three boys fighting now, called Hitler, Mussolini and the Mikado, there is a similarity. All these characters start a terrific punch at their announced opponent, and end up by missing him entirely and knocking one of their own seconds flat on his back. Last week the Mikado did it again. He had several border shooting parties with the Soviet Union and has been moving big numbers of troops around on the border for some time. Then he wound up his Sunday punch—and occupied Hainan. This island doesn't mean a thing to the Soviet Union, but it is an important

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In spite of such incidents the Tory seconds of the Mikado in England and France go right on trying to help out. England bullied Minorca into taking a dive for Mussolini. The seconds seem to reason that Japan or Germany or both will finally attack the USSR, whom they all hate. But the USSR is stronger every day, a terrifying opponent. It's much easier to slug someone on your own side, because he won't hit back. Very few men will stay on your side if you do that, but Chamberlain and Daladier are different.

Russia and the Old School Tie

Russian oil is now going to Italy under the terms of a new trade agreement. It may soon be going to Germany under a similar agreement, negotiations for which are said to be under way. American oil men think that the purpose is chiefly political; they point out that Russian oil has other possible markets and that the Soviets are now in such a strong financial position that they don't need to sell it at all. If Germany and Italy get Russian oil for their planes and submarines, they will have more chance of defeating the western powers —and militarily speaking the supply can't be cut off.

In these facts and surmises, there is absolutely no ground for moral indignation; Munich was the end of all that. One obvious feature of the Munich agreement was that Hitler was being begged and bribed to strike eastward. He could have Czecho-Slovakia on a painted wooden platter, he could have his victory in Spain, if only he would promise not to invade France and to fight the horrid Bolsheviks instead, thus saving the British Empire and the old school tie. This arrangement suited almost everybody, including, so it would seem, the American State Department. Only the horrid Bolsheviks objected; they strengthened their war industries and indicated to Hitler that he would find less resistance if he struck westward, toward the land of the old school tie. They certainly won't fight the western powers; they would like nothing better than a real defensive alliance with Britain and France; but they are practical idealists who don't propose to sacrifice their own country. Hitler now seems to be impressed by their unspoken arguments. He probably won't attack this year, having too much trouble at home. But if he does attack, it is just as likely to be through Holland or Switzerland as in the Ukraine.

Judges and the Senatorial Racket

Federal district judges are much in the news these days. The Senate by an overwhelming vote turned down President Roosevelt's nomination of Floyd H. Roberts of Virginia because Senators Glass and Byrd did not approve. Everybody seemed to think that Mr. Roberts would make a good judge; the argument against him was that he belonged to the wrong faction in Virginia Democratic politics. "Senatorial courtesy" faction represented by the two Virginia Senators. This recalls the resignation of Judge Martin T. Manton from the Federal District Court of the Second Judicial District in New York, forced by the revelation that he had had improper business dealings with litigants. Judge Manton, one of the senior District Judges, was reprimanded sharply by the Supreme Court some years ago for his action in a receivership case. He was appointed by President Wilson, apparently solely on the ground that he was favored by the Democratic machine in New York. Third, Judge Thomas of Connecticut has been called back from an ocean trip to testify in the Manton and other affairs. To fill the places vacated by Judge Manton and other federal judges, the President has nominated several independent candidates, some of whom may not be approved by Senators from their states. One of these is Francis Biddle, able progressive, former chairman of the NLRB and counsel for the congressional TVA investigation. We suggest that the Senate, in confirming them, pay less attention to senatorial courtesy and the approval of local political machines, and more to fitness for the job. Let's have some light on our judges as judges.

Miami Record

The long session of the Executive Council of the AF of L has ended. The members may take one last swim in the warm waters of Miami Beach and go home, with this as the record of their meetings:

A series of spirited attacks on the National Labor Relations Act and upon the Board which administers the law, culminating in proposals to amend in the direction of less authority for the NLRA.

A witch-hunt after the Communists in the American Federation of Teachers, and a decision to give the teachers' union three months to "discipline" the "communist-dominated" locals.

Approval of the Dies committee investigation and recommendation that its work be continued.

Attempts to make trouble by inflating Homer Martin into a new auto union and Francis Gorman into a new textile union, thus splitting the unions already in the field.

A decision to revive the old Pan-American Federation of Labor so as to offer competition to the CTM in Mexico.

In general a fine record of nagging and niggling. There was just one little thing the AF of L council overlooked. It was a resolution to organize the unorganized, to improve conditions of employment and to increase the security of American workers.

Coöperation Goes to Town

Consumers' coöperation in the United States has shown a substantial increase since 1933, when the last census was taken by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The main section of the 1936 survey, which has recently been published, shows that there are 3,600 co-

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members and an annual business of $182,685,000. These figures are almost exactly twice as large as they were in 1933. One new factor which accounts for some of the increase is the interest that organized labor is taking in the coöperative movement. Coöperation began in the rural areas of the United States and Minnesota, Wisconsin, Kansas, Illinois and Nebraska are still the centers of the greatest amount of coöperative business. But lately coöperation has been going to town; the unions are helping it to make headway in industrial, urban localities. Consumers'-goods coöperatives are, of course, only one among many types of agencies. There are 3,728 coöperative telephone associations, 259 electric-supply coöperatives, 7,000 coöperative credit unions and a number of agencies purchasing farm supplies, providing housing and burial services. In a quiet, unspectacular way the coöperative movement has been spreading over the country.

For Pasting in the Congressional Hat

Patiently Mr. Roosevelt explained to Congress, in a new message, the need for initiating at once an extra WPA appropriation for $150,000,000—exactly the amount cut off his original recommendation by congressional conservatives. This is not mere stubbornness or pride of opinion. Congress provided that not more than five percent be removed from the relief rolls in February and March. But not even five percent—or 150,000 employees—can now be discharged, because 350,000 have been cut off since the last week in October and there are many in desperate need of relief who have none. By April, the amount of money left under the appropriation will be so small as to require a very drastic cut. Then either 1,000,000 must be discharged at once or week-by-week reductions of the rolls must be made to a total of 1,500,000 at the end of June. This would mean halving the present number of WPA workers. No business revival is in sight which would warrant such a slaughter. Orderly planning of this vast enterprise requires that the administration know early in March what it will have available. It takes at least a month for Congress to act. If Congress does not immediately put an appropriation for $150,000,000 in the works, many people will starve. Unless the President's advice is followed, the Republican Party and the Democratic conservatives will be knowingly responsible for the catastrophe. This editorial paragraph is being kept in type, and will be reprinted when the trouble breaks.

Twelve Jobs Open

When Congressmen make those speeches saying the people who haven't got jobs are people who really don't want them, it must be that those people don't hear the Congressmen. Last week 4,000 women were lining up to apply for just twelve jobs. They were a crowd of girl. It got into all the papers and perhaps the Congressmen read about it. The women began to gather outside the 14th Street Armory in New York at eight o'clock the morning before they were to apply. By the time the armory was opened so that they might wait inside—at four o'clock that afternoon—there were a hundred of them. At midnight the official who was checking them in counted 289. A little after eight o'clock the next morning the armory was full; there were 1,500 women waiting for twelve jobs.

They weren't even very good jobs, scrubbing floors, cleaning test-tubes and guinea-pig cages in the laboratories of the New York Health Department, for $18.47 a week. And the applicants—4,139 were finally registered—had to pay a notary's fee of twenty-five cents and later $1 for examinations, just to have a chance. Paul J. Kern, president of the Municipal Civil Service Commission, said he expected the jobs would all be filled from the first 150 applicants.

Hallowell Exhibition

Our readers in the vicinity of New York City may be interested to know that there will be a memorial exhibition of the paintings of Robert Hallowell at the Paul Reinhardt Galleries, 730 Fifth Avenue, beginning February 20, 1939, and lasting two weeks.

News Notes of a Week

Switzerland was worried by Hitler's conception of neutrality, as demonstrated by movements of German troops through neutralized Czecho-Slovakia. The Nazis have already declared that it is "un-neutral" of Switzerland to let her newspapers criticize the Reich and allow her gold to leave the country. . . . Holland wondered if she was the next country whose "neutrality" would be criticized. . . . German Jews will be permitted to earn a living in Germany while awaiting their turn in a system of orderly emigration, and may even take a small, as yet unspecified, amount of money and goods with them. That was the plan offered by the big-hearted Nazis to George Rublee, director of the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees. . . . The Havana paper Hoy reports that Luis Carlos Prestes and other Brazilian democratic leaders imprisoned by the Vargas regime have been transferred to the island prison of San Fernando de Noronha, the Brazilian "Devil's Island."

Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York introduced legislation to permit the entry of 20,000 German refugees children fourteen years old or younger into the United States during this year and 1940. . . . "Spain Fights On," a semi-official documentary film that includes some of the most terrible war scenes ever photographed, had its first showings in New York City. . . . Dean Russell of Columbia Teachers' College declared with a straight face that the Communists paid

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and "agitate." . . . Judge Grover Cleveland Niemeyer of Chicago granted an injunction to the Hearst newspapers. It permits their striking employees to eat and breathe, so long as they stay at home. The strike goes on.

Popes and Politics

THE DEATH of His Holiness Pius XI and the election of his successor are in one sense the spiritual concern of the Church and of devout Catholics; but in another sense they are of immense importance to the history of the world in the present critical period. The Church is inevitably involved in temporal affairs—more so than for the preceding century. Its temporal power is exercised of course not through direct political dominion or by means of armies and navies; nevertheless the influence it exerts on the political attitudes of its 350,000,000 communicants is enormous.

Logically, the Church is concerned primarily with spiritual dominion over the minds and hearts of men. In this field it assumes to represent divine authority and therefore cannot admit the legitimacy of rivalry from the outside. Its attitudes toward political questions may be thought of as dictated by defense of its primacy in its proper sphere. Thus, because Marxism opposes religion and denies its authority, the Church regards Marxism as a deadly enemy. But since Marxism is the official philosophy of one great sovereign state and of parties throughout the world that aspire to gain control of other states, the Catholic Church becomes, in temporal affairs, the political opponent of the Soviet Union and of a great political movement elsewhere. At the same time the Church is uneasy about the totalitarian states. It has made its peace with the government of Italy, but is not entirely at one with it. It protests violently against the suppression of its religious liberty by the Nazis. Likewise it opposes, at least theoretically, the Nazi-Fascist persecution of the Jews.

One would suppose that in this position between two extremes of doctrine the Church would do everything in its power to strengthen constitutional democracy, under the libertarian principles of which religious toleration is accepted and the Church is allowed freedom in the spiritual sphere. But its policies do not seem to work in that direction. In assessing Catholic political action under Pope Pius XI, the judgment is inevitable that the objective results have tended to strengthen authoritarian and fascist regimes.

In Austria, democratic forces could have held the Nazis at bay if the Catholics in the Christian Social Party had been willing to unite with the Social Democrats in support of the republic. Instead, they accepted Italian backing for an authoritarian regime of their own, suppressing the Socialists and making bitter against Hitler when Italian support was withdrawn. Church authority in Vienna, if not the Vatican itself, was largely responsible for this disastrous policy.

The Pope was complaisant, perhaps necessarily so, about Mussolini's defiance of the League of Nations in his conquest of Ethiopia.

Since Japan is a member of the "anti-Communist" front, Catholic opinion has, at least in part, favored her conquest of China. Certainly the Vatican has thrown no influence on the side of civilized world opinion which condemns that action.

In Spain, in spite of the fact that many Catholics are Loyalists and certain Catholic spokesmen have favored the Loyalist cause, the main influence of Catholic authority, including that of the Pope, has been exerted behind Franco. The Vatican has apparently been oblivious of the fact—just as oblivious as Chamberlain and the French conservatives—that Franco's victory would necessarily strengthen German and Italian totalitarianism in their fight against democracy.

In the Catholic province of Quebec, the Church has underwritten the development of a dictatorial regime, Fascist in nature. The French Canadians are in general hostile to the western democracies, and it is doubtful whether, if war came, they would not prefer to fight on the side of Italy and Germany.

In the United States, fascist-minded gentry like Mayor Hague and Father Coughlin receive voluble and blind support from Catholic organizations and a large and influential section of the Catholic clergy.

It may be said that these things do not represent the best Catholic thought and that many good Catholics are, heart and soul, supporters of liberal democracy. That is true. But it can also be said that the more democratic forces in the Church do not seem to control its official action and even have difficulty in asserting their opinions within it.

That is the reason why the present gathering of the Cardinals in Rome must be watched with interest and some apprehension by the rest of the world. Will the age-old tendency of the Church to encroach on the realm of the state continue to weaken the forces of democracy in their struggle against totalitarian regimes? Or will the Church, by some miracle, decide that its best policy is to accept religious toleration and liberty in good faith, even if the development of democracy must be in the direction of advanced economic and social doctrines? Will it discipline those forces within it who support reactionary temporal interests and thus earn the hostility of the masses who must sooner or later come to power if democracy is to persist? The choice of the new Pope is likely to have a bearing on these questions. There is ground for fear that the dominant Catholic tendency lies in the direction of totalitarian government of its own variety, and that the net outcome will therefore be to favor the

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Break the Strikebreakers

ALMOST EVERY INVESTIGATION of major industrial disputes, since the congressional probe into Carnegie Steel's use of the Pinkerton "guards" at Homestead in 1892, has revealed the presence of professional finks, hired out by employers' associations or private detective agencies. Now comes the La Follette subcommittee of the Senate with its report on strikebreaking, a summary of the testimony gathered since September, 1926, and its recommendations for curbing the racket.

The committee observed three types of strike service. First, the scabs hired to replace striking workers at their benches. In some industries the replacements are competent, skilled workmen; more often they have no qualifications as workers. The agencies have even advertised that their function was simply to supply industrial "shock troops." The second type of fink is the "guard" or "watchman," who is generally armed, ostensibly to protect the strikebreakers, the "loyal" workers, or the plant property. Strikeguards are usually strangers to the locality and to the controversy. Often they are deputized as local police officers. And the history of industrial warfare in the United States proves that employing outsiders as strikebreakers or strikeguards almost inevitably produces bitterness and bloodshed.

The third category is the strike missionary, a person disguised as a striker, a strike sympathizer or a traveling salesman, who mingles with the people of the town and with the union members, spreading word-of-mouth anti-strike propaganda. Often "missionaries" are found in the strikers' own ranks, urging acts of violence.

The business is big and lucrative. The W. J. Burns agency, one of the "big five" in the East, grossed $2,517,948 between 1933 and 1936. For its industrial-guard service, the Burns company took in $329,368 during the same period—almost pure profit. The bill that Foster's Industrial and Detective Bureau of New York City sent to the American Bridge Company for the services it rendered during the construction of the Pulaski Skyway across the Jersey Meadows was $173,075. The partial list of plants that have hired finks of one sort or another during the past five years is over 100. And there are nearly forty well established strikebreaking agencies.

The La Follette report presents an illuminating picture of the finks themselves, of Slim Beaudry, George Dean, "Benny the Fink" Gross, "Chowderhead" Cohen and Mary Javorsky, of "Weasel Benny" Epstein and "Eat 'em Up" Jack Fisher. Roughly one-third of the men have criminal records or are on the police blotter. Their crimes include larceny, vagrancy, shooting with intent to kill, and rape. As a class, the finks show a certain *esprit de corps*. They look down upon the scabs who replace strikers and then keep their jobs "permahighest caste. He is, in the language of the trade, "a noble." Chicago and New York are the employment centers. Strikebreakers, nobles and missionaries hang around the agency headquarters, watching the newspapers for news of important strikes, waiting to be hired and shipped out, if necessary across the state boundaries, to the scene of action. Most of the men are old hands at the racket, have been in it for fifteen or twenty years, but have no particular animus against unionism or labor organization. It's just a job. If anything, they are on the defensive, trying to justify their work with the strikers they talk to. "I'm not taking your job. I am simply protecting the company's property." "Now a scab and a strikebreaker is different. A strikebreaker doesn't want anybody's job."

It is remarkable that the agencies have enough faith in the known criminals to trust them with responsible jobs. During the 1935 elevator strike in New York City, for example, "Chowderhead" Cohen was a strike lieutenant, entrusted with the safety of hundreds of apartment-house dwellers by the Sherwood Detective Bureau. Yet, at the same time, he was wanted in Baltimore for grand larceny, an offense for which he had previously been arrested five times.

Sixteen states have tried to outlaw the strikebreaking racket, but their efforts have largely failed. The business is interstate and run by powerful corporations which pay no attention to state lines. The La Follette committee, therefore, recommends quite logically that strikebreaking be curbed by federal legislation forbidding employers to engage agencies which do the dirty business. This would have no effect upon the right of an employer to hire legitimate guards to protect his property or person. But it should subject him to severe penalties for the tactics of intimidation, provocation, deception and brutality, carried out by irresponsible mercenaries. Such a bill is being prepared by the La Follette committee. It will deserve immediate enactment.

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M-Day Man: Louis A. Johnson

SINCE THE ELECTION, we have heard a great deal about a "fourth New Deal," portrayed as a hash of old-style militarism and new-style fascism. A great deal of this talk is plain nonsense. There are, however, officials in Washington who call themselves patriots, but whose patriotism has a vociferousness that in former days, at least, used to be suspect. Many Washington observers believe that one such official who deserves careful study is Mr. Louis A. Johnson, the Assistant Secretary of War.

Mr. Johnson first became conspicuous in Washington last September. He was then chairman of the national-defense power committee. At a press conference, Mr. Roosevelt announced that the administration and the utility companies, for the sake of national defense, were about to make peace. If this country were engaged in a great war, the President explained, power shortages might develop in vital industrial areas, and, for lack of munitions, our forces might be defeated.

The negotiations with the utilities had been carried on through Mr. Johnson's power committee. Mr. Roosevelt's disclosure of its activities brought extremely mixed reactions. New Dealers who had fought for years for greatly increased government regulation, and ultimate government ownership, were shocked. Coarse-minded outsiders pointed out that every two years Mr. Roosevelt went through the motion of seeking peace with the utilities, and suggested that it was a preëlection maneuver.

Just before election day, the chief utility executives of the country met with Mr. Roosevelt at the White House under Mr. Johnson's chaperonage. Afterward a pleasantly worded statement was issued. Privately, however, utility men told reporters that the meeting had been a flop—a judgment that was explained when word filtered out that Mr. Jesse Jones had refused to lend RFC money on the terms they asked for.

However, the meeting caused highly placed New Dealers to do hard thinking. Mr. Johnson, it was discovered, had made a survey of the railroads, also in the name of national defense. He likewise had a plan for the regimentation of all American industry in anticipation of war. Not only this, but he apparently now had the ear of the President. It seemed to some New Dealers that they were gazing at a blueprint of a war economy, with striking likenesses to fascism.

As nearly as I can discover, last November saw a period of soul-searching. The problem of Mr. Johnson, and what to do about him, was quietly talked over. The notion that the New Deal could ever be delivered over to militarism was dismissed as fantastic. Nevertheless, [illegible] is a friend within the New Deal.

changed that the preparedness would not be of Mr. Johnson's kind, and that it would not be permitted to injure earlier New Deal aims. Somewhat grimly it was resolved that Mr. Johnson himself would not become a New Deal leader.

However, Mr. Johnson promises to be a hard man to suppress. He holds a remarkable job. Impressed by the confusion, delay and muddle of 1917, Congress just after the World War gave the Assistant Secretary of War what amounts to the statutory powers of a Secretary of Munitions. If Mr. Roosevelt wishes to continue a "show-Hitler" policy, Mr. Johnson's influence can scarcely help expanding. If Mr. Roosevelt, for example, wishes three thousand new airplanes and a revamped aviation industry, the job is that of the Assistant Secretary of War.

In point of fact, Mr. Roosevelt's enthusiasm for a great air force apparently explains such intimacy as exists between him and Mr. Johnson. Quite as the Senate munitions investigation showed would always happen, the American airplane industry has been busily feeding the War Department information about the German and Italian air fleets. During the Munich crisis, Mr. Johnson apparently was an administration oracle, with a vast amount of information of the same questionable sort as that which Colonel Lindbergh is charged with purveying. It is supposed to have included the humiliating report—humiliating to Mr. Johnson and those who think like him—that Goering had more men working in a single German airplane factory than the United States had in its whole industry.

Mr. Johnson has under him the War Department's industrial-mobilization section, the duty of which is to maintain liaison with American business in preparation for a "total war"—like that of 1914-18. Until Mr. Johnson's advent, the section seems to have gone soberly and obscurely about its business. Mr. Johnson is a person of immense nervous energy; he needs to be doing something. Before long, he had pasted feathers on it, and made it fly up above the New Deal horizon.

In the last two years, army officers have visited no less than twenty thousand American factories. Of these, ten thousand have been designated for future war purposes. In detail, corporation heads have had explained to them how their plants could be adapted to making shells, smokeless powder, semi-automatic rifles. Few can have been incurious enough not to have figured up, at 10-percent-plus, just about how large the profits would be. Mr. Johnson himself has spoken widely before business groups; many business men feel that he

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NYA train twenty thousand young men as airplane mechanics and pilots. This is, however, only part of its program. In interviews in the machine-tool industry, army officers were told that, because of the loss of skill in the depression, it was becoming difficult to obtain top-rank mechanics—men who could make machines to make machines. The section, accordingly, wants to train not twenty thousand young men, but two hundred thousand. Mr. John P. Frey, of the AF of L metal-trades department, and, incidentally, a reserve-corps lieutenant-colonel, has been consulted and given his approval. The section is also pushing a bill in Congress to buy and store within our continental borders the "strategic materials"—for example, tin—needed for a long war.

In Mr. Roosevelt's armament message to Congress, nearly $150,000,000 is set aside for the program recommended by the industrial-mobilization section. If this sum is voted, it will be a monetary monument to Mr. Johnson's enterprise. Before his arrival in Washington, the airplane lobby on Capitol Hill used to snatch for itself most of the then modest military appropriations, and the army lacked important weapons. Mr. Johnson examined the army's list of wants, and checked off fifty-five items that peacetime industry did not make and would not have the machines or experience to make in time of war—for example, anti-aircraft guns, searchlights and listening devices; artillery recoil mechanisms; bomb sights and fuses. He then undertook to make the army's fifty-five items celebrated in Congress and throughout the administration. In the President's message, $110,000,000 is allotted directly for various weapons. In addition, $32,000,000 is suggested for so-called educational orders, under which 247 plants in private industry—those that would be essential for munitions-making—will be able to install special machine tools, and give wartime training to their workers.

As we have seen, Mr. Johnson's planning envisages a war of the dimensions of the World War, and does not exclude, at least, the sending of a great citizen army to fight in Europe or Asia. To those who protest that a small, well trained force could defend our territories and uphold the Monroe Doctrine, he counters that the aim of preparedness is primarily to prevent war. This is the standard military position the world over. Mr. Johnson cites 1917. When Germany was debating resumption of unrestricted U-boat warfare against this country, he points out, the general staff was unquestionably swayed by reports of its spies that the United States would not be able to send a single fighting man to Europe within a year. Our unpreparedness in 1917, it will be observed, is referred to in Mr. Roosevelt's message. Incidentally, Mr. Johnson appears to have a sound concept of spies. At least on one occasion, after describing an intricate machine for the mass production of munitions, he ended enthusiastically: ". . . Must have this functioning, and get the news out to the men. As a result of the sheriff's prosecution, he was

Reports have been spread widely of friction between Mr. Johnson and the War Department generals, including the chief of staff, General Malin Craig. As nearly as can be discovered, these reports are more the hope of pacifist groups than fact. It is true that a number of generals dislike what they consider too rapid expansion of armaments, but they oppose it in much the same way that a middle-aged person opposes another glass of champagne on New Year's Eve. It doesn't mean they are adamantine.

The conflict centers chiefly on airplanes. From the end of the World War until Mr. Roosevelt took office, the army was poor. It had to make its funds stretch as far as possible. It developed a philosophy of "sample" weapons. It bought only a small number of airplanes of one design, and then tinkered and fussed with the blueprints, even after the machines were half-built, to make them as good as they could be. Strongly backed by Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Johnson wants to see a mass-production airplane industry, and mass production of munitions generally. The manufacturers favor the new policy heartily. In the past, the army has sometimes revised plans so often that companies have actually lost money. They now plan to recoup. In justice to Mr. Johnson, it should be stressed that he is not influenced by the airplane lobby. He simply wants to build as many planes as Colonel-General Goering does. There is another cause for difficulties between Mr. Johnson and the generals, the feud between him and Secretary Woodring, which we shall come to in a moment.

Mr. Johnson was born forty-eight years ago in Roanoke, Virginia. He is as big as two ordinary persons, more than six feet, with a chin larger than Mr. Roosevelt's and tremendous shoulders and chest. In his youth he won championships at wrestling and boxing. He is ordinarily charming, easy-mannered and—although he has been known to treat those whom he suspected of lacking his own trademarked brand of patriotism with considerable petulance—extremely frank. Since the power-conference episode, his opponents have attributed to him dark, subterranean designs against the New Deal. That may be. But to look at him, he has no more guile than a St. Bernard pup.

As is the case with most New Deal officials, his family was hit by the great depression of the 1890's. He enterprisingly put himself through the University of Virginia, where he was president of his law class. Graduating at twenty-one in 1912, he went to Clarksburg, West Virginia, on the chance advice that it was "a young man's town." The local sheriff had just been indicted, and Johnson, as soon as he had made a few acquaintances, volunteered as assistant to the prosecutor. He showed what seems to be his characteristic pattern: to work furiously and to win the regard of older

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In 1916, when he was twenty-six, he was elected to the West Virginia legislature, where he rapidly became the Governor's chief helper, party floor leader and chairman of the judiciary committee. He aided in drafting and enacting West Virginia's work-or-fight law, the first in the country. He went to an officers' training camp, was made a captain, arrived in France in May, 1918, and fought in the front lines until the Armistice. On his return from the War, he married, and has two young daughters. He settled down to the life of a successful small-city lawyer, with a large corporate practice.

Part of his restless energy was expended on the American Legion. He was elected national commander late in 1932, just before Mr. Roosevelt was elected President. Because of Mr. Hoover's rout of the bonus army, the veterans were overwhelmingly Mr. Roosevelt's partisans. But no sooner was Mr. Roosevelt in office than he sent to Congress the 1933 economy bill, providing for a 25-percent slash in the disabled veterans' benefits. Major H. H. Curran, now Mr. LaGuardia's deputy mayor, was head of the National Economy League and pounding hard for the measure. Admiral Byrd was making a countrywide stumping tour. Mr. Johnson followed Admiral Byrd, pleading the veterans' cause. Feeling grew steadily more bitter within the veterans' organizations; there was talk of a new march on Washington. Just as an explosion seemed near, Mr. Johnson issued a statement: the first duty of the veterans was to America, then to care for their disabled brothers. Mr. Roosevelt was relieved and delighted. Mr. Johnson was summoned to the White House, and won from Budget Director Lewis Douglas the restoration of $10,000,000 in veterans' funds.

In the 1936 campaign, he was made head of the veterans' division of the Democratic National Committee. He had had no part in active politics since his West Virginia legislature days, but he had great prestige in the Legion and was a hereditary Democrat. After the election, he began to be called on for administration jobs. Because his New Dealism has since been questioned, friends point out that he did yeoman's work in the Supreme Court fight, preventing hostile resolutions from being passed, obtaining favorable ones.

Meanwhile Secretary of War Dern had died. There were three possible successors, Assistant Secretary Woodring, Mr. Johnson and another American Legion commander, Mr. Ray Murphy. After months of delay, Mr. Roosevelt named Mr. Woodring. According to the latter's friends, there were no strings to the appointment. According to Democratic politicians familiar with the circumstances of the appointment, however, Mr. Woodring was to serve only briefly, after which he was to yield to Mr. Johnson, who had meantime taken the assistant-secretaryship. All this was a year and a half ago. Mr. Woodring hasn't resigned. The feeling between him and Mr. Johnson is less than cordial, and has caused side-taking among the generals. The New Deal group that looks on Mr. Johnson as a symbol of a war economy is praying that Mr. Woodring never resigns.

JONATHAN MITCHELL

The League of American Writers

A Personal Statement[1]

IT IS NOT OUR TASK, as a League of Writers, to present a political program, or any program. But let me glance at some of the raw material that might be used in drawing up a program. If there is anything obvious it is that American writers today are redramatizing our tradition on all sides. Perhaps they are even doing the most in this direction when they tell us the ugliest truths about ourselves. They have shown that we are able to take the truth. Think of the novels, poems and plays, the histories and biographies that are turning over our soil for the crops of the future. I can only add a few suggestions, but these will show that the Yankee tradition is much more realistic than we sometimes think. If, on the economic plane, we think that realism means some sort of collectivism, more or less, do we imagine that collectivism is an alien notion? The Declaration of Independence speaks in the name of "all men." Is there not something collective in this conception?—and you have not forgotten that John Quincy Adams wished to make our economy collective. This Republican President, mark the word, hoped to develop the national wealth on a collective, not a competitive basis. He thought there was a volume of energy stored within the Union, enough for the prosperity of all; if it could be brought into use in accordance with the laws of science, it would lead the population to perfection. For this reason, John Quincy Adams promoted the study of science, while he fought with all his might against the bankers, who stood for competition and disruption. I do not have to speak of Andrew Jackson. Collectivism exists in our tradition, even our Republican tradition; and, while we are on

[1] This is the second part of the now famous paper that Van Wyck Brooks read before the Connecticut Writers' Conference. In the first part, chiefly political, he had discused communism and fascism, both of which he opposed. But he made a distinction between them and approved the League's policy of admitting

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olution, Benjamin Franklin wrote to Robert Morris:

> All property, except the savage's temporary cabin, his bow, his matchcoat and other little acquisitions, absolutely necessary for his subsistence, seems to me the creature of public convention. Hence, the public has the right of regulating descents, and all other conveyances of property, and even of limiting the quantity and the uses of it. All the property that is necessary to a man, for the conservation of the individual and the propagation of the species, is his natural right, which none may justly deprive him of; but all property superfluous to such purposes is the property of the public, who, by their laws, have created it, and who may therefore, by other laws, dispose of it, whenever the welfare of the public shall demand such disposition. He that does not like civil society on these terms, let him retire and live among savages. He can have no right to the benefits of society, who will not pay his club toward the support of it.

This was the patriotism of our Revolution, and we are within our rights in supporting it now, although it is now supposed to be unpatriotic. How it became so you will find explained in "Folkways," by Professor Sumner of Yale, who shows that in the eighties "American Ideals" became the reverse of what we thought they were. But twenty years later than the eighties, another Republican spoke in the good old strain—the author of "The Man without a Country," Edward Everett Hale. In a book called "We, the People," Dr. Hale recommended old-age pensions and the government ownership of coal mines; and he said, The people own the roads, the schoolhouses, the lighthouses—then why object to "the ownership of wealth in common"? I quote Dr. Hale's words because he was not "without a country," and I say that Dr. Hale made this statement in the very year, 1903, in which he became the chaplain of the United States Senate. I do not say that Dr. Hale represented *all* our tradition—but who can say that he was disloyal to it?

If we wish collectivism, we do not have to go to Russia; but what we have to consider is something else. No movement ever succeeds in a country, no movement ever goes far, without the consent of the people and their sympathy with it. At least, it cannot go far in this country, because we are Americans, and Americans are naturally free. We have a great deal more to lose than chains. Even if we lost our money, we should have more. We might even have still more *if* we lost our money. And that is why our collectivism—government of the people by the people—cannot be truly achieved till the people want it. We have our proletariat, if we have to use this word—if we do, we have to use it in the American sense—and to that extent we have failed. They are more than a drop in the national bucket; but I think they cover only the bottom of it, only the first half-pint, let us say, in the gallon; and the rest of the bucket is filled with something else, and self-respect, the heritage of freedom, and we will surrender our money before we surrender that. We are not, and will not be, a nation of slaves; for we have not lived under tsars for ages and ages, and we will not live under tsars in the future, either. So, in order to have our collectivism, we have to change the minds of people, and this is bound to be a long, slow process. We cannot achieve our end by any short cuts, whether of the fascist or of the communist order.

What can writers expect? I should like to ask. We, in our way, are collectivists—this League is a collectivity—but are we not still more individualistic? Suppose someone said to us, You cannot have your freedom, you cannot speak your minds or write your thoughts? I pity the writers of Russia almost as much as those who call themselves writers in the fascist countries. Our people allow us our freedom. Are we in a position to tell them that they cannot be free? We are certainly free to point out that the freedom of one may mean the enslavement of others. We are bound to show that freedom is not simple. What we can best show is where the fun of living lies, and point to the patriot fathers to prove that for us. For they certainly had a better time than we have. And one of the reasons why they had more fun was because in the good old days the rich were a good deal poorer, and the poor were richer. Because the rich were poorer, they were also more adventurous—they were not afraid of running risks; and the poor who were not too poor—they were the people. They were the sort of people who made this country.

This is the story that writers can tell, and, if they tell it early and often, I think we shall see some surprising results in this country. For Americans are a humorous race, and Americans are a sensible race, and they wish to get all the fun out of life that they can. Our life, at the present time, is not very amusing. We live in a world of anxiety, a world of terror; and I do not think the rich enjoy their riches very much more than the poor enjoy their chains. Tell them how to be free again—as Americans used to be free when those who had a little more than others were happy to see that others did not have less. Those were the days that have made us tough and stable. And that is why we are humorous and sensible, too. Make a good story of it—I have never seen a Yankee who did not see the point of a story that was good.

It is to tell this story, and other good stories, that the League of American Writers has come into being. Most of us hate politics. We do not feel at home on platforms; and we love our freedom as much as the Yankee farmers. Let me ask my communist fellow members, who stand for dictatorship, whether they do not also love their freedom?—and whether they think they would have it if we had a Stalin? There is not one writer among them who would not gladly knock dow-

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style. Writers are not normally party people. They are a turbulent crew, for the best of reasons. They all believe in things they are willing to fight for; and, since it is their business to expand the human consciousness in this, that and every other direction, they necessarily fight for different things. And yet they are flocking to the League by the score, by the hundred.

This organization, founded by persons, appeared to be, and is, a product of spontaneous combustion. It responded to a group demand of writers; and it has resulted, as you see, in the literary camp-meeting we are holding here, at which members of all parties are united by one feeling that all but suggests the missionary feeling of old. And is it not the missionary feeling, with a very large element of humor added to it—the feeling that sent John Brown on his Southern misadventure, and that also filled the mind of Mrs. Stowe and the great Connecticut blacksmith, Elihu Burritt? It was Elihu Burritt, as you know, who organized the first world congress of the Friends of Peace; and we are friends of peace, too—although you might not guess it—and only too happy to prove it, as best we may. Strange as it may seem, the writers of 1938 are essentially more religious, it seems to me, than writers generally were in 1900. And I say this with no disrespect for those older writers.

But, to be more specific, why have these writers united? Partly to protect themselves and what they stand for. Writers and artists are bound to unite when dinosaurs advance upon them, and our world is full of these dinosaurs, these Goliaths and Molochs. Under all their names, they smell the same. They represent the modern god of Power, and this power is "at enmity with joy." Writers have to get up early if they wish to save a world that will leave them the time and the space to breathe and to work. But they also unite for another reason. They already belong to a larger league, the league that joins writers with carpenters, with farmers, with doctors, with engineers and Governors of states—provided they all perform to the top of their bent, provided they love their craft and do their best to keep the great ball rolling that leads to the future. All men belong to this league who produce and create for society and ask in return only a stake in society and the wages that go with it. Elihu Burritt might well stand for our League. Did anyone ever, recalling Elihu Burritt, distinguish between the writer and the blacksmith? The blacksmith and the writer were the same, and they remain the same.

Our League, I should say, is the heir of the old Progressive movement that won so many writers in years gone by. This movement failed, and because we hope we shall not fail, we have to be "tough-minded," as the patriot fathers were, and the missionaries of old. For the Progressive movement, which was tender-hearted, was tender-minded, too. Because it was tender-

the objects of the tender heart. In order to achieve these objects, in order to win the day for them, we have to enter the battle with heavier armor. You cannot use a wooden mallet when you are dealing with brass tacks—and this brings us to the hard-boiled writers. If you want, not a tender heart but a soft-boiled heart, look for it among the hard-boiled writers. They are not the sensitive souls, and some of them are muckers—for muckers abound in every human category. But most of them are the hypersensitive souls who have to mask their malady in these harsh disguises. Sometimes they defeat their ends. That is the sad thing about hard-boiled writers.

So much for the objects that have brought the League together, and so much for the mood in which it lives. This mood is not so far in essence from the mood of the patriot fathers or the missionaries who set out to conquer Asia. These missionaries set up in Asia a train of ideas that led in time to Sun Yat-sen and his disciples. They had to be tough-minded to accomplish that; and they were tough because they believed in something, in themselves, in their country, in their faith. And because we believe in this country, too, we are prepared to show that this country can do something better than fascism or communism. But not on soapboxes! Not on platforms! In our plays, our poems, our novels, our histories, our essays.

The American scheme, I think, will outlast the others because it is slow in the process of reawakening. I talk about the Yankee heart; and you say, How about the sharecroppers? It does not seem to mind them very much. No doubt, there is some fat around this heart. There is fat around the heart of France and England, and that is why democracy does not fight. But Yankees hereabouts cannot imagine poverty in quite the way that comes so easy to the people of less fortunate countries. The plight of Arkansas is still beyond them. The habits of their lives have fixed the habits of their minds; and they cannot yet believe that, if men are unemployed—in spite of all the inventions that destroy employment—it is not because they are shiftless. If they know the value of a dollar, it is because they know what the dollar has cost, in terms of hard winters and bad crop seasons, and in terms of their own work and self-respect. But this Yankee dollar went to make modern China, the China that is struggling for its existence; and if you know how to persuade this Yankee dollar, you will find it will also go to make our future. It is something to win the proletariat, but the writers of this state have got to win the swells, who are the farmers; for everyone where I live knows who the swells are—they are not the gilded savages of the country clubs. In order to win them, you have got to learn their language, for theirs is the sacred language of this country, as difficult for outsiders to learn as Hebrew or

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guage of our tradition. It is the language they spoke at Valley Forge.

I like the Yankees because they wake up slowly—I do not forget they also get up early. When they once get up they are wide awake. It is the business of writers to wake people up; but, if you have lived in a family, you are aware that there are numbers of ways of doing this. You are not dealing with sluggards. You are dealing with men who do not think much of themselves, or not too much, but who, if you follow the chain of cause and effect, produced the ideas that made our Revolution. In this sense, they also produced modern Russia. It was they who first established the "rights of man," who took this out of the phrase-books of the great French thinkers and turned it into the shot heard round the world. Approach these Yankees and wake them up, but take off your shoes first. You are in the presence of people who deserve their sleep. If you learn their Open Sesame—and if you speak it slowly—you will find that what they have done they will do again. The burden of proof lies not on them but on us. They can tell better stories than we can. We are only repeating their stories, and the best we can hope in time is to go them one better. When we do this, as perhaps we may, they will be the first to see the point.

VAN WYCK BROOKS

The Betrayal of the Refugees

[*Hundreds of thousands of Spanish refugees have been streaming over the border into France. How will they be treated there? Louis Guilloux, the French novelist, gives a partial and disheartening answer by telling what happened to the refugees who preceded them. As regional secretary of the Popular Relief Association, Guilloux made daily visits to a typical refugees' camp near his home in Brittany. These are excerpts from a book of his that is still unpublished.*—THE EDITORS]

I HAVE JUST RETURNED from the camp. The horror of the sight defies description. The misfortunes of the refugees seem to have been deliberately increased. But let us speak without indignation, without personal bias. Our task is only to convey the truth, pure and unadorned: the facts speak for themselves.

This camp is situated by the side of a brook, in a building formerly used as a factory for agricultural machinery. The entrance is through an iron gate. On the right is a small building that used to be the janitor's home. Next we come to the kitchen and refectory: a vast open shed with an asphalt floor. Children play *pelota*. Behind the refectory lies the first "building," that is to say, a closed shed. It is thirty feet high by two hundred feet long and is covered partly by tiles and partly by glass, all in very bad shape. There is no heat, and no way of making any. On both sides are wooden partitions, boards mounted on wooden supports with straw mattresses on top. The equipment has been rented from the army—at a very high price: one hundred francs a month for a mattress. At the end of this shed is the infirmary, formed by a wooden partition. This first building houses rather less than a third of the refugees, the privileged among them.

The second building is higher and at least four times as big as the first. It too is covered with tiles and glass. The roof leaks, and at the entrance we must cross a pool of water—or rather go around it, for it is too wide to [illegible] gate that is open all day long. At night it is closed, but this is a mere formality, for it makes no difference whether the gate is closed or open. The very size of this building suffices to make it unheatable. It is so immense that the two hundred refugees it houses occupy but a small part of it. Among abandoned, rusty machines the army mattresses have been spread out directly on the ground. There is no asphalt or other flooring. Every footfall raises a cloud of shredded straw. The whole impression is one of filth, misery, cold. The walls, made of unjoined boards, are entirely covered with spiders' webs, and in places the boards are no longer visible. The refugees complain that spiders crawl over their faces at night. And not only spiders; also rats. There is no way of cleaning this shed: tools would be needed—especially ladders—and the refugees have none. A crew of good workmen would need several days to complete the task. Yet all this filth was there long before the refugees arrived. Couldn't a crew of workers have been sent in from the road department? No. It is simpler to accuse the Spaniards of not knowing how to keep clean, to accuse them of attracting the rats by throwing away the good bread we give them.

Amid this cold and filth the refugees are forced to wash without soap. It is true that water faucets have been put in, but that is all, and that is not enough. All the children—and there are many of them—are covered with sores. Most of the refugees in this building are lying in their beds: some are sick, and the others stay in bed because they have nothing to do, because they are discouraged, or in the hope of keeping warm. Babies less than a year old are carried round and round among these horrors, by mothers who do not know how to keep them warm. They lack clothing. Most of the refugees' baggage has been lost. They wear what they escaped in, and this is almost always insufficient, especially in the cold weather. We were told this was

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but actually this is a center of infection. These buildings, we are told, were rented, filth and all, at a rather high rate. It is perhaps the first time they have been "profitable" since the factory went bankrupt. Apparently the profiteers have already discovered the Spanish refugees.

This state of affairs has gone on for two months now.

Many of the refugees, chiefly the children, go barefoot. Others wear slippers, or *alpargatas*. A mother of six children—all here with her—stands barefoot, holding her year-old baby in her arms. How long has she been standing thus?

And what about the food? In the morning, black coffee. At noon, a stew with meat. In the evening, stew again. To drink: water. (The complaint is only against the monotony. The food is abundant and not bad.)

An elderly woman, lying flat on her back, tells me she is suffering from a heart ailment. She cannot stand the stew any longer, and would like to have some milk. But there is not enough milk. The lack of organization (there is no administration in the camp; hospitable France is represented here only by one policeman and one janitor) and the lack of discipline among the refugees themselves (despite all our endeavors, we have not succeeded in creating a camp committee; discipline does not go with misery) have made the distribution of shoes and clothing most difficult and unpleasant. Finally—after three hours—we succeeded in getting shoes on thirty-one women and children.

By a mere accident, we hear that a week-old baby is in the camp. The mother was delivered at the Maternity Hospital, but yesterday she was sent back to the camp, where she is in the larger building. This strikes us as incredible, so we go to see for ourselves.

Amid this cold and filth, exposed to rats, spiders and all kinds of infectious diseases, the mother and baby are lying on a straw mattress, covered with a pile of clothing instead of blankets. The roof leaks on their bed. Yet the mother smiles as she shows us the child's little pink face. Why does she smile? Is it because, despite everything, she is happy to be a mother? Because we bring some diapers for her baby? Or is it because she is weak-minded, as we have been informed? She smiles. The child sleeps. Around them, the horrible spectacle of misery and neglect, the straw flying under our feet and falling back on the bare ground, the walls with their repugnant load of dirt and slime, the rusty machines, and everywhere people on mattresses sleeping, or sewing, or just waiting. Nobody knows why the young mother was sent back from the hospital. She holds her new-born baby in her arms, keeping it warm as best she can, like a beast in a cave.

We distribute clothing almost daily; last night's incidents will not stop us; we shall continue our work, despite the sabotage, the discouraging attitude of the authorities. This evening, my friend and I witnessed the most heart-rending spectacle.

In the first building, a woman of about sixty was sitting on a mattress, wringing her hands and crying loudly. Other women sat around her. One of them threw herself into her arms and embraced her. All about the vast building, women sat in groups on the mattresses, with hanging heads, crying and moaning, their sewing unheeded on their laps. The children looked in silent terror. The cries of the unhappy old woman redoubled. She had to be held tight.

Her son. The second one to die.

[*The news had come that the French government had decided to expel the refugees, at least those who were unable to support themselves—and these were of course the great majority.*]

The children's fright at the thought that they were to be sent back to Spain was piteous. "*A España no! A España no!*" . . .

The reaction of the adults to this cowardly act was more stupor than indignation. Newspapers passed from hand to hand. On several faces I could see the smile of pride and contempt in the very depth of pain.

"Where shall we go?" It is a young woman who asks that terrible question. It may not be irrelevant to note that this young woman is a Catholic.

A woman of about forty, sitting on her wretched pallet, nursing her baby, cried out: "I hope we lose the war, yes, I hope it, and then the French, in their turn, will know fascism. Yes, then they will see; yes. . . ."

All of them, the two hundred women and girls, the hundred children, the new-born baby, the few boys of fifteen and sixteen, the militiaman, a score of old men —all of them will leave. For them, the border will be opened.

Everything was wrong in this camp, but we were assured that conditions would improve. For a long time patience was preached to these wretched people. Soon —perhaps tomorrow. . . . They still could sleep on the straw, they could still shiver, still feel the drip from the leaky roofs on their faces, still hope a little, while chasing rats and spiders, while scratching their mange, while nursing their children. But all that is over. And this cowardly crime is committed under the pretext that the Spanish refugees were too heavy a burden for France! They were only fifty thousand, hardly the population of an average small town, in our great and beautiful land of Justice and Civilization.

[*A few children had been temporarily adopted by workers' families who were given eight francs (about 25 cents) a day for their support. The expulsion decree provided for the cancellation of this meager allotment; moreover, the families caring for Spanish children were expressly warned that if they kept the children until the end of the war, they would have to pay the cost of their transfer to Spain.*]

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There is much good will, but: "We are but workers. We won't be able to keep that child if we are deprived of our eight francs."

This is true. We must note that the Spanish children found homes only in workers' or employees' families. In many cases, families already burdened with three or four children took in a little orphan. The well-to-do population of the town completely ignored the presence of the little Spaniards. It is true that letters addressed to the Prefecture, expressing willingness to harbor a child, were not even answered.

Of the twenty-one children living in private homes, only six are kept "for nothing." One of them is little José, three years old, an orphan. While we were talking outside with a group of women, a transport plane passed overhead. Little José—as beautiful as a child of Murillo—fell into a real fit of terror. "A plane! A plane!" He ran to hide in the skirts of his "mama," no longer the real one, because the real one had been killed by a bomb.

[*The expulsion decree was carried out; despite strong popular opposition the refugees were sent back to Spain, to the territory of their choice. "Non-intervention" was thus complete. Guilloux notes that one train of refugee children reached Lérida the very day of an aerial bombardment by Italian and German planes. The following excerpt describes a scene of departure.*]

The last trucks have arrived. There is a great bustle on the platform, much shouting and calling. The baggage is loaded up.

"All aboard! Hurry up, don't stand on the platform!"

But there is plenty of time. However, the windows fill up. And suddenly, from the train bound for Valencia, a song arises.

Almost immediately the expected train enters the station, amid a great clamor. It arrives backing up, an immense car with human wreaths. The train carries three hundred refugees—almost all women and children. The greater part of the women, especially the young ones, have put red kerchiefs on their foreheads. The children wave little red flags. They sing and cry as loud as they can: "*Arriba España roja!*" All along the train, closed fists, outstretched arms. . . .

There is much joyful singing. The infamous expulsion decree has not crushed the refugees' courage. These faces, beautiful in themselves, are still more beautiful at this instant. This answer is what it should be, noble, full of an invincible spirit.

The train bound for Bilbao is silent. Not with a hostile silence; for all those going to Bilbao are not enemies. There are many private motives for the choice of destination. From one train to another, people call, exchange salutations and wishes. But there is no singing in the train bound for Bilbao.

LOUIS GUILLOUX

Shoot the Works

Three Coördinate Branches

DO WE WANT a rubber-stamp President? In the early and the middle days of the New Deal there was a vast amount of talk by politicians, publishers and news commentators in which it was held that Franklin Roosevelt was upsetting the American system by imposing his will upon the Congress. It was further said that the Supreme Court bill, "reform" or "packing" as you please, was a device to render the High Bench subservient to the will of the Executive. And it was stated over and over again by the opponents of Franklin D. Roosevelt that the Founding Fathers and all their faithful descendants had established a government founded upon a neat balance among the legislative, judicial and executive branches of the government. In addition to balancing each other, they were ordained to furnish checks by which the ultimate wisdom of all three would be combined and distilled into the proper prescription for American life.

Now, to my amazement, I find some of the most fervent advocates of trinitarian practice taking the position that when the House and Senate have spoken, this is the voice of God and that the executive branch of the government should acquiesce in all decisions with good grace, gallantry and benevolent silence.

Naturally, the specific point I have in mind is the slash in the WPA. The figure concerned is a bare one hundred and fifty millions, and many say that such small change represents a symbol rather than a practical problem. Experts on relief problems have asserted that something in the neighborhood of a million unemployed will be thrown back upon their own resources. But a million jobless still remain economic small change in any large conception.

And yet if the entire question is taken out of the realm of human necessities, concerning which some Quixotes grow emotional, I still think it has great significance as a test of the theory of American government. The Senate confirmed the cut by the margin of a single vote. It did, as a compromise, leave the door open for a further request by the President if, in his judgment, an emergency existed. Few, I think, would question Mr. Roosevelt's right to send a message to Congress two months hence or even within the month in which he pointed out circumstances which made mandatory a stepping up of the money allotted.

It has been Mr. Roosevelt's choice to assert that the emergency is here and now. And many editorialists who were fervent for balanced government have greeted his second appeal to the Congress as an effort to override the power of the national legislature. The Senate has spoken. Its verdict, even by a margin of one vote, constitutes the voice of God and from its decision there can be no immediate appeal.

I don't think so. This seems to me a denial of the entire theory of balanced responsibility. It cannot justly be said that Mr. Roosevelt is whimsical and that he sees terrors of joblessness and starvation which arise wholly out of his own fantastic imagination. After all, he has in his hands

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eloquent testimony from men who are much closer to the necessities of unemployment than any Senator or Representative. The mayors of American cities through their accepted spokesmen have voiced their fear that they simply cannot handle the difficulties which will be dropped in their laps if federal cuts are to be applied this winter. The so-called "hard-boiled" army man who succeeded Harry Hopkins has insisted that the President's request represents an irreducible minimum in regard to the needs of the unemployed. Mayor LaGuardia, admittedly an expert on civic problems, has said the same thing.

The President of the United States is primarily responsible to the people of the United States. He has no right to thrust aside the will of duly elected national legislators. But I do not think that Franklin Roosevelt or any past or future American President should sit idly by and accept a verdict from Congress without argument if he is convinced that Congress is wrong and that its error will visit great suffering upon the people of the United States.

In this respect it seems to me that there is great confusion as to the traditional practice of democracy. The majority, naturally, must have its way. But, obviously, a vote, even by a margin much greater than a majority of one, is not intended to stand for all time. The history of America abounds with instances in which minority opinion became majority opinion through the drift of circumstance and the fact that even a Senator has a right to change his mind. Upon debate there ought to be some system of cloture. And when the tally has been taken in an orderly democracy, that decision stands. But a good heavyweight champion never hesitates to give a defeated opponent a speedy return bout if he figures that he is the master. In the same way a congressional majority should not be timid about facing an issue a second time if it is absolutely sure of its ground and its convictions. Any call for delay indicates a lack of confidence and an uneasy feeling that error has obtained.

Certainly, it is unfair to say that Franklin D. Roosevelt is playing politics with human misery. The Republicans and the conservative Democrats have dropped an issue in his lap. Young Lodge of Massachusetts, who played with the Townsendites and supported New Deal measures such as the wages-and-hours bill, comes from a highly industrialized state. It seems to me that he has definitely removed himself from any chance of being a successful presidential candidate in 1940. The vote in the big urban centers will go, and should go, against those who have blandly acted on the assumption that somewhere and somehow the jobless should be expected to take care of themselves.

The same thing goes for Bennett Champ Clark, much touted as a compromise Democratic candidate who would not be deadly poison to either Roosevelt or Garner.

In saying "Let's discuss this again," Franklin D. Roosevelt is living up to the best traditions of the function which the Chief Executive of the United States should assume. He is not the rubber-stamp servant of Congress. He draws his commission from the American people themselves and he has every right to keep urging Congress to take a measure back for further discussion. Consideration is the lifeblood of democracy. Reconsideration is its spinal fluid. American history bears eloquent testimony to the fact that no problem affecting free men is ever settled until it is

Washington Notes

Hitler Won't Drink Coffee

SOME OBSERVERS HERE think that the visit of the able, cheery Brazilian Foreign Minister, Señor Oswaldo Aranha, may have more importance for our future foreign policy than the administration's whole armaments program, including sales of airplanes to France and England. These observers believe that the negotiations with Señor Aranha mean the first step in a worldwide trade war with Nazi Germany. To support this interpretation, it seems to be a fact that, almost exactly a year ago, important American business men laid before Mr. Roosevelt a scheme for a foreign-trade offensive that—in the words of its sponsors—"would break Hitler's back." It is also a fact that, for a month before Señor Aranha's arrival, advisers of Secretaries Hopkins and Morgenthau were engaged in elaborate researches—so elaborate that they seemed to indicate a fundamental change in our export policy.

As these Notes are written, the results of the negotiations with Señor Aranha are still unannounced. At least part of their content, however, may be guessed. By the United States-Brazil reciprocal trade treaty, Brazil explicitly reserved the right to trade under a barter arrangement with Germany. However, Brazil bound itself to limit its purchases of German manufactured goods, goods that compete with United States exports, to the amount of its German sales. An automatic balance of purchases and sales is supposed to be maintained through the Bank of Brazil. Exports of Brazilian coffee and cotton are paid for by German Aski marks, and the total of Aski marks held by the Bank, at any given period, is supposed to measure the amount of German imports that Brazil can buy.

Since the 1938 slump, however, this arrangement has several times come close to breaking up. Germany has been hungry for Brazilian coffee and cotton; the Brazilian planters, on their side, have been extremely anxious to sell. But, because of the uncertain times, Brazilian business men have hesitated to lay in stocks of German goods. As a result, Germany's Aski marks have piled up in the Bank of Brazil to dangerous heights, and the Bank has tried to call a halt on Brazilian sales to Germany. This has enraged the Brazilian planters, who represent the single strongest economic and political bloc in the country. They have demanded that the Vargas regime use the Bank's Aski marks for German munitions, railroad equipment, road-building machinery—anything that would drain off the Bank's Aski-mark hoard and permit sales of coffee and cotton to be resumed. Under this pressure, the Vargas government has narrowly missed violating the spirit, if not the letter, of its treaty with us.

Until we have a greater degree of recovery, it is unlikely that this country will take more of Brazil's coffee. And we have no use for Brazil's cotton whatever. With these handicaps, the administration's self-chosen task of fighting Hitler in Brazil is almost hopeless as long as it sticks to Secretary Hull's "freer-trade" principles.

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think that the present negotiations have a far wider scope. The new foreign-trade program that they foresee will be a double-edged weapon. One-half of the program will be to provide the raw-material countries with credits to enable them to hold back their products from the market until the Nazis offer either free exchange or goods that the countries want. This part of the program will end Nazi dumping of harmonicas, Hartz Mountain canaries and machine guns. By the other half of the program, we are to subsidize our own business men to the degree that Nazi exporters are believed to be subsidized, so that they can compete on even terms with their Nazi rivals.

It is undeniable that such a program, if extended to enough raw-material countries, would put an almost intolerable strain on Nazi economy. As already stated, a group of observers here thinks that this is now the fixed policy of the Roosevelt administration. The writer is bound to say that he himself is unconvinced. But it seems highly probable that henceforth there will be more and more talk in Washington of an anti-Nazi trade drive.

A recent pamphlet on German foreign trade, prepared by the semi-official German Institute for Business Research at Berlin, throws a revealing light on the jittery state of Nazi nerves. Although it contains the customary praise of the Nazi "depression-fast" economy, its argument is concentrated on the fact—already reported by cable to American newspapers—that Germany's trade deficit for the first eleven months of 1938 totaled 389,000,000 reichsmarks. During this period, German exports to Latin America rose slightly, almost entirely at England's expense, but the gain was infinitesimal beside the loss in exports to the United States, England, France and the USSR. In veiled language the pamphlet acknowledges the palpable truth that, unless this deficit can be speedily overcome, the Nazi economy will blow up. Of equal interest is the clue it gives to Dr. Schacht's removal as president of the Reichsbank. It was apparently prepared during the first days of January, when Dr. Schacht was still secure, and reflects his views. Circumspectly but forcibly, it argues that the German authorities must grant concerns with export orders priority in obtaining labor and raw materials over all other industries, and by "all other industries" it obviously means the armaments factories. Experts here are wondering if it was not this issue that caused Dr. Schacht's fall. If it was, the joke is on Herr Hitler's new Reichsbank president, Herr Funk, because Dr. Schacht is right.

Ever since the settlement between the TVA and Commonwealth and Southern, a wholly unfair campaign has been carried on against TVA Director Lilienthal. Conservatives have said that the agreement represented a great victory for Mr. Willkie, the Commonwealth and Southern's president, and the surrender of all that Mr. Lilienthal has been standing for. Even within the administration, credit for the settlement has been given exclusively to Secretary Hopkins, and it has been held up as the first achievement of Mr. Hopkins' campaign to appease business. For the sake of the record, the negotiations with Mr. Willkie were conducted by Mr. J. A. Krug, the thirty-two-year-old telephone with Mr. Lilienthal, ill in Knoxville with undulant fever. Mr. Hopkins had no part whatever in the bargaining, and the concessions made by Mr. Willkie were approximately twice as great as those made by Messrs. Krug and Lilienthal.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Bankers Horn In Again

AN EXCELLENT STORY of the manner in which bankers do their job with reference to railroads, and particularly stricken railroads, is to be found in the story pieced together by the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee.

The Missouri-Pacific Railroad went into reorganization proceedings under Section 77B in March, 1933. Life-insurance companies were the holders of large blocks of the first and refunding mortgage bonds of the road. A protective committee composed of six life-insurance officials of the highest standing, representing six leading life-insurance companies, was organized and was known as the Stedman Committee, after its chairman, Mr. John H. Stedman, vice-president of the Prudential Life Insurance Company.

There were of course various conflicting interests. There were (1) the railroad itself—the MOP—a corporation owning a great system necessary to the public; (2) the Alleghany Corporation which owned the controlling stock of the railroad and which in fact represented the interests of the Van Sweringen brothers; (3) the junior bondholders, who held certain inferior mortgages against the road and who outranked the stockholders; (4) the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which had a debt of $23,000,000 representing an advance to the MOP; (5) the bankers, J. P. Morgan and Company, who had sold the bonds of the road and had also sold the stocks of the Alleghany Corporation and who also held a claim of 50 percent of a $5,850,000 bank loan against the Missouri Pacific.

Here were conflicting interests. Obviously the stockholders—the Alleghany—were interested in saving as much for the stockholders as possible and hence cutting in on the first or second-mortgage bondholders. The bankers had their own personal claim which they might conceivably press at the expense of the stockholders or the bondholders.

One thing is certain—the insurance companies owed to their policy holders the duty of representing them singly and of keeping the bankers ruthlessly out of any position as representatives of the bondholders.

The bankers started out by trying to grab the whole show. They were frustrated in this by the Stedman Committee, made up of the insurance representatives. To that extent this committee behaved properly.

But Mr. O. P. Van Sweringen, then alive, observed to the bankers that in the end they, the bankers, would prevail, as all the insurance men would not stand together.

The next battle came when the bankers sought to create a general committee on which they would have representa-

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they proposed one on which the bankers would have a minority representation.

Now at this point it is interesting to see the suspicion with which the bankers were viewed by the insurance men, men who in the past had worked very cordially with the bankers. We find them saying the kind of things about the bankers which their perennial critics have been saying. Mr. Stedman said: "I should like to see in this large issue of 224 million dollars' worth of bonds *for the first time* (italics mine) a 100-percent investors' committee. I think we could get along very well with the bankers on the outside." Later he said he thought the bankers "had sprung something on us." They had tried to prevent bondholders depositing the bonds with the protective committee. Another insurance official characterized the action of the bankers in one incident as "not only unfortunate but really a breach of faith and a gross discourtesy to the different committees."

The protective committee for the bondholders now discussed admitting the bankers to membership in that committee. Some of the members opposed it, taking Mr. Stedman's view of a 100-percent investors' committee. But in the end, Mr. O. P. Van Sweringen proved to be right in saying that the bankers would prevail, as the insurance men would not stand together. Two Morgan partners were admitted to the committee to protect the rights of bondholders, in spite of the conflicting interests of the bankers.

One of the first things a bondholders' committee should have done was to proceed against the Van Sweringens for the sale of the Terminal Shares by the Alleghany Corporation to the MOP. When that was proposed the banker members opposed it. In the end the committee took no action and nothing was done until the RFC brought suit for the benefit of the railroad.

There is more to this, but these simple facts will suffice to show that the time has come for the insurance companies to throw off their subservience to the bankers and to think singly of the interests they represent. The life-insurance companies, this report shows, own three billion dollars' worth of railroad bonds belonging to millions of small policy holders. In the past the ability of bankers to horn in on railroad reorganizations has been due largely to the insurance executives who have loaned themselves to the bankers. This MOP case, bad as it is, does reveal a growing revolt among the insurance officials. They had it in their hands to control the MOP reorganization in the interests of their policy holders and the public. Instead they invited the bankers in. The bankers opposed them at every turn, frustrated many of their plans, forced them to weaken in their early good intentions. In the end they conditionally agreed to the Van Sweringen plan instead of fighting it.

Here is a fact worth noting. The Transamerica Corporation is in a row with the SEC. It comes to Washington to do battle, armed with high-pressure publicity men and bold pronouncements. It turns up represented by two leading New Deal lawyers—Donald Richberg and William Stanley. Mr. Stanley was an assistant attorney-general and is at this very time a special assistant attorney-general on the payrolls of the Justice Department. He is permitted to practise, however, by virtue of a special statute, put through Congress by Mr. Cummings. Here he appears against the

It's Criminal

THE MOVIE "GUNGA DIN" is to me a sad marker of the decline Hollywood has gone into since the days a few years ago when it could bang out "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a film that was Kipling without the credit title and such a good show that (we were saving the world then too, you recall, or more so) the right people were perfectly furious about the wrong things while the show generally played right on. At this time we haven't got Kipling or anything else but indecision and a lavish splash.

It is not only the blithe roof-jumping of the younger Fairbanks in "Gunga Din" that reminds you of such fast ones as "The Mark of Zorro"; the action throughout is ripping in the forgotten manner of the silent days, when a director didn't have to worry over whether Herbert Marshall was lighted right for the great renunciation speech, and would just say: "Hell, make it: if they want a continuity too we can work that out after." The fighting has terrific motion, the elephant is fine, the battalion parade with bagpipes is always good for a lift and the only thing lacking from the temple rites is Bela Lugosi. But the fact is that they can neither believe their own hokum nor leave it alone. They play up the undying beauties of comradeship and then have two of the buddies scheming to wreck completely the honeymoon plans of the third; they assume everyone should pant to die for England if he's really alive at all, and then have men risking all the lives in the Indian empire for some prank to further the plot; they get a nice idea in the elephant's breaking the prison window and then go barging on into something which would have been thrown out of "King Kong."

Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Victor McLaglen do nicely in spite of everything, though I regret to say that Sam Jaffe was persuaded to play Gunga Din, a part to which he brings everything, including the apparent belief that East is South and that Little Eva was the natural son of Uncle Tom. But the whole mood is irresponsible and wrong, as though there were nothing left in the world to do but try on other men's hats by pulling them down over your ankles. It is not so much that they'll stop at nothing here as that they'll start with nothing and keep on till it bleeds. Outside of a few quoted lines, there is no more of Kipling than there is of Daily Worker. Kipling stuck to the bright side of service life but never made it silly; he was what you wish, a tub-thumper or a fascist; but part of his marvelous power of projection was his affectionate knowledge of these constant dopes in their sweaty uniforms or dress whites, doing and dying because the bugle played to quarters or something and knowing no more than that, saving their obscene cockney humor. The harm done by his special type of glorification is another thing; and if this "Gunga Din" had been made with the right tongues in the right cheeks it might have passed as a fine burlesque of all this. But it remains a miscomprehending lark, and over the finish of it you can almost hear one of Kipling's rear sergeants: "A bloody lark, my you-know-bloody-what!"

"They Made Me a Criminal" is a rather obvious piece and routine in many ways. Incidentally the time approaches

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ated from reform school and matriculated at CCNY). But its hokum is all of a piece and its interest is correspondingly higher. John (*né* Jules) Garfield is a ring champ who gets implicated in a murder and blows town. Still traveling under his original assumption that anyone who does anything out of kindness or decency is a sucker, he shows up on a sort of "Boys' Town" date ranch in the West. Once you know that there is a gal on the ranch who has all the little toughies nailed to an honor-bright basis and hates evil like anything, you can see the rest of it—except that the proof of regeneration comes out for all to see when the sluggaroo himself takes a terrific beating from some barnstorming gorilla in order to lift the mortgage (and except for Helen Westley, who is apparently unshaken in the belief that no matter what the picture, you can play the witch part from "Snow White" for laughs, and get them).

So: fast talk and action, plus conversion to the better life, plus a near-tragic lucky finish. But Garfield and the kids and the gal, the director and those who worried the script into shape—and even Claude Rains as the broken but hopeful flatfoot—these people manage to salvage enough truth out of it to make most of the business convincing and pleasant. Generally, the film holds together enough to make nice fast watching, solving one of the old old problems in one of the old old ways.

The movies have made their idea of the Broadway production of "Idiot's Delight," and in their awed literal way have emphasized its weakness without living up to its strength. It has got known as an anti-war play: actually it is no more than an adventure-musical with certain anti-war sentiments lashed in here and there. The main interest centers in the sort of unconscious romance between a rough-and-ready chap from the American vaudeville time and a wistful admirer from an aerial act on the same bill. They met once and then the show broke, and in the years that followed, the chap got on a European tour with some chorus beauties. When they met again the girl was traveling with a Zaharoff type and all the characters were stranded in a hotel overlooking a lethal air base. War declared, girl deserted, chap to the rescue, and so forth.

Obviously this business between boy and girl was done well enough to carry the play: in the movie it boils down to Clark Gable in some bright moments and Norma Shearer in many awfully extended starring scenes in which a carefully learned "accent" only shows that nice little girls should be made to stay at home. The anti-war stuff is straight and genuine (the Hays office apparently manages to look the other way when objectionable lines have been produced on Broadway and passed around for the applause of the nation); and there are fragments of real feeling. But the mood of the whole thing is forced and cheap—the coming world war staged by Maurice Chevalier. The film has a brisker motion than the play, but is full enough of Norma Shearer, phony accents and heavy bombers which swoop down across the windows like seagulls, to spoil its own fun. The fact that movie-house audiences applaud some of the more ringing speeches makes the picture valuable in its way. But the general idea is essentially no more anti-war than a few squads of well meaning and offended citizens, pelting

The Bandwagon

The leader of the opposition has not brought forward any evidence to show there is intervention on a great scale, unless he means, what of course we all know, that Italian troops are fighting and Italian material is being used in the course of the conflict. – *Prime Minister Chamberlain, replying to his critics in the House of Commons.*

Would you like to be living in Europe now? Do you realize how many of the big differences in favor of the American way of life we owe to advertising? Mr. Sokolsky will sum them up next week. – *Boxed advertisement on George Sokolsky's page in Liberty.*

Justice William I. Schaffer, of the State Supreme Court, expressed himself as "amazed" yesterday by the picketing of a knitting mill by union members seeking to organize its employees.

"I am amazed," said the Justice, "that this sort of thing is going on. There is nothing to justify it, and if it is allowed to continue then this will cease to be a land of liberty." – *From a news item in The Philadelphia Record.*

Some years ago we had a laudable devotion to the sacred thirst of Our Lord upon the cross. This lagged somewhat during the period of legal prohibition, under the impression that the constitutional amendment made it unnecessary. – *From an article by Mgr. Michael J. Lavelle, in The Cathedral Bulletin.*

And Eat a Millionaire for Breakfast

MEN—Wanted immediately a man who resembles the President to demonstrate game, "Balance the Budget," in store window. Must also be able to juggle tennis balls. – *From the classified advertisement section of The New York Times.*

Even if She's Got a Gun in Her Hand?

"These days, men open their morning newspapers and read the most clashing headlines ever printed. If, on lowering the newspaper, a man has to look across the breakfast table at a blonde, it is distinctly an anti-climax. – *From an interview with Anita Loos in the Sunday edition of The Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Conception and Birth of a Monument

We were together in New York when the idea of making "Robin Hood" first grew in his mind. He wired his brother Robert in Hollywood to build a castle, a moat, and a drawbridge. – *From "Tales of a Wayward Inn" by Frank Case.*

Home Town Makes Good

The Church of the Annunciation . . . is one of the sights of Nazareth, the town that has suddenly leapt into the news with the murder of British officials. – *From The Sphere, England.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Band-

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Correspondence

The Catholic Church and Education

SIR: I have followed with interest your series of articles on the Roman Catholic Church.

I am writing to express considerable amazement at the statements made in connection with the report of the President's Advisory Committee on Education, of which I was a member. Your author has a paragraph, the purport of which is that on one of the most crucial issues that came before the Committee in which the Catholic Church was concerned, the Committee was not polled. Your author's statement says that the chairman is quoted in the press as admitting this to be true.

The paragraph in question, by some curious coincidence, happens to correspond word for word with a paragraph printed in a most reactionary bulletin of the Friends of Public Schools, which is headed by Major General Amos A. Fries. . . . Had he interviewed any member of the President's Committee, Dr. Lehmann would have been informed how completely wrong the alleged statements in the public press were. . . .

I would suggest that you write to Dr. Floyd Reeves, University of Chicago, chairman of the President's Committee, to get an accurate statement of what really happened before the Committee when the issue to which your author alluded was discussed.

New York City EDWARD DE S. BRUNNER

Dr. Lehmann states that his material was not taken from the bulletin of the Friends of Public Schools, and that any similarity of language must be explained in terms of a common source, which was the contemporary reports in the newspapers.

In accordance with Dr. Brunner's suggestion, Dr. Reeves was consulted. He replied as follows:

SIR: . . . I never made the statements attributed to me; they are based in part upon a misunderstanding of a press story relating to a statement I did make before a meeting of educators in Atlantic City last March, and in part, presumably, upon mere convention gossip.

At the meeting referred to, in response to a question from the floor, I stated that the Advisory Committee was not polled on the question of the desirability of federal aid to non-public or parochial schools, pointing out at the time I made the statement that no such recommendation is contained in the report of the Committee. This statement has been twisted into the statement that the Committee had not been polled on the actual recommendation concerning services to children which does appear in the report.

If you have read the report of the Committee, you must know that it contains no recommendation to the effect that the states should spend federal funds for the transportation of children to private schools, the purchase of reading materials for children in private schools, or scholarships for children attending private schools. It does contain a recommendation that *the states shall determine* whether the federal funds shall or shall not be expended for these purposes. The Committee was polled upon all of its recommendations, including this one. It was not polled upon the question as to what action it thought the states should take in this matter; obviously there was no reason to poll the Committee on that point. Johnson, who threatened otherwise to file a minority report." Furthermore, such a statement would be untrue. The recommendations relating to services to children were arrived at in the same manner as all other recommendations of the Committee. No recommendations were adopted until after full discussion in Committee meeting; these recommendations were not inserted at the insistence of Father Johnson. To my knowledge, Catholic Action had nothing whatever to do with the recommendations of the Committee, nor did Father Johnson ever threaten to file a minority report.

Washington, D. C. FLOYD W. REEVES

We are glad to place before our readers the letter of Dr. Reeves, and to let it speak for itself. At the same time, we would emphasize that many people, including many educators, have been and still are concerned about the question of federal aid to the non-public schools and regard as a mere quibble the question whether this aid is given directly or indirectly through action of the individual states. An indication of the intensity of the feeling is shown by the proceedings of the American Association of School Administrators at Atlantic City, as reported in The Christian Science Monitor of February 28, 1938:

"AID TO CHURCH SCHOOLS FROM U. S. IS PROTESTED

"The use of federal funds for the support of private church or religious schools brought into current public discussion by the report of President Roosevelt's Advisory Committee on Education was the subject of intensive debate before the American Association of School Administrators here this week-end. A meeting of the Social Frontier called the attempt to give money to private schools 'vicious, un-American and un-constitutional.' The John Dewey Society condemned it as 'violating the fundamental and essential American principle of separation of the Church and State,' and a joint session of the Legislative Commission and Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association and the administrators discussed a similar resolution and referred it to committee. Both the Social Frontier and the John Dewey Society appointed committees to fight the provision in the report and telegraphed President Roosevelt their disapproval of the measure. . . .

"In the discussion, Floyd W. Reeves, Washington, chairman of the President's Committee, pointed out that his committee had not been polled on whether or not they believe in national money for private schools, but that they were faced with the fact that several states do make such allowances. The question, he declared, therefore, is one for the states, and not for the federal government to decide."

Another article in The Christian Science Monitor of March 1, 1938, reads in part:

"WASHINGTON, March 1.—The question whether parochial schools shall get even a small share of the $855,000,000 federal aid for public schools proposed by the President's Advisory Committee on Education has already raised a furore among educators and is expected to cause even a greater controversy in Congress later on

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National Catholic Welfare Conference on the Committee. . . . These two sections [discussing aid to schools] were inserted to appease the Rev. Johnson. But evidently from the protests evoked at the NEA Convention at Atlantic City, they are not acceptable to many educators who look upon them as inimical to the long-established principle of absolute separation of church and state in this country."

High-de-High Art

SIR: "Where shall the word be found, where will the word Resound? . . ."

The spoken word is seldom found in books,
Says New Republic critic Malcolm Cowley;
And words in print are generally picked for looks—
How unesthetic to the eye *by golly*.

O do not use the phrase *O thou, O thou*
(No offense to poet Percy Shelley),
The droppings of some lit'ry sacred cow,
But stick to cries of market place and alley.

Okay's okay, but not *how right thou art;*
And *ideology's* quite a word but skip it
For something with a gut, likewise a heart.
Language is a two-faced coin, so flip it.

(No more a *hark, hark to the blithesome chickadee—*
But *get a load of them there notes, hot ziggedy!*)

Santa Barbara, Calif. R. R. DAY

Governor Olson's Victory

SIR: In your issue of January 18, in your article, entitled "Tom Mooney Goes Free," you state, "The chief factor in Governor Olson's victory, according to experts on the spot, was his support by the "$30-Every-Thursday movement."

Below you will find some figures from a booklet issued by the Secretary of State of California, entitled "Statement of Vote at the General Election of November 8, 1938":

Democratic registration	2,144,360
Republican registration	1,293,929
Democratic Party majority	850,431
Gov. Olson's vote	1,391,734
Ex-Gov. Merriam's vote	1,171,019
Gov. Olson's majority	220,715
Sen. Downey's vote	1,372,314
Rep. Candidate Bancroft's vote	1,126,240
Sen. Downey's majority	246,074
$30-Every-Thursday's vote — No	1,398,999
Yes	1,143,670
The No's' majority	255,329
Democratic Party registration	2,144,360
Gov. Olson's vote (the highest cast)	1,391,734
Democrats who did not vote	752,626
Republican Party registration	1,293,929
Ex-Gov. Merriam's vote (the highest cast)	1,171,019

and out of this number 752,626 were registered Democrats, or more than one-third of the entire registration.

The Republicans' loss was only 122,910 from the same cause, or only slightly more than one-tenth of the party registration.

The $30-Every-Thursday failed to carry the state by 255,329. It is very apparent that it was not that vote that elected Governor Olson. Senator Downey was the only candidate who seemed to get any benefit from his endorsement of the plan and he did not need it.

Pasadena, Calif. FORDYCE W. BISBEE

[Most, if not all, of the 1,143,670 who favored the pension probably registered as Democrats and voted for Governor Olson. He also received the votes of about 250,000 registered Democrats who did not vote for the pension. The large number of Democrats who stayed away from the polls because of opposition to the pension were insufficient to defeat him. It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that the pension issue elected him. – THE EDITORS]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Several correspondents, commenting upon the "Save Spain" editorial (February 1), have scoffed at our description of the contradictions between President Roosevelt's words and actions in regard to the need for "halting the aggressors." We called it a "tragic mystery." Seymour Stern of New York City has solved the riddle, at least to his own satisfaction: ". . . heartless demagogues and ruthless power-statesmen, devoid of human pity . . . have ruled the human race since the beginning of time . . . no fundamental distinction exists between those rulers who wear tailored suits and carry umbrellas and those who wear uniforms and carry guns."

Enid Kiernan, associate editor of The Youth Digest, New York City, praises "They Are About to Die" (January 25), by Bruce Bliven Jr. "Many people have mentioned to me how this stirring article has altered their understanding of the case. Three lives have been taken, and the problem still remains, but we may feel that the article influenced public opinion very widely." On the other hand, James Neild of Highland Park, Illinois, thought the article was "merely a copy of the sob-sister stuff that is so frequently seen in the newspapers. . . . I challenge any writer on your staff to prove that a free society is to blame for the evils of individuals." . . . George Britt, 22 West Ninth Street, New York City, writes that he and Heywood Broun are reëxamining anti-Jewish manifestations in the United States for a follow-up on their book, "Christians Only." He would appreciate any material New Republic readers may have on the facts of open and organized anti-Semitism, threats to civil liberties and the effects of inflammatory efforts such as Father Coughlin's broadcasts.

W. B. Arbaugh of Highland Park, Michigan, has warm praise for Professor Schuman's articles on "The Tory Dialectic" (December 28 and January 4). . . . Robert D. Swift of Sioux City, Iowa, makes the good point that while humane sympathy for the refugees from fascism is admirable, we must not forget the human suffering within the United States—the product of different causes, but accompanied by pain equally intense. . . . Robert Smith of the Committee to Uphold Southern Democracy is the victim of a typographical error. The correct address of his organization is Room 1002, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. . . . The Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, 22 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, will honor the Americans who died for Spanish democracy at a memorial meet-

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Books in Review

Collective Novel

LET NOBODY read "Industrial Valley"[1] because he liked "My Sister Eileen" and wants to follow the latest adventures of the McKenney girls afloat and ashore. Ruth McKenney has a New Yorker personality and a New Masses personality and her new book is written by the second. I don't recommend it for laughs, though it has a few, but I do recommend it to everyone who is interested in learning how to write effectively about present-day life and labor. It is not a textbook but something much better, a practical demonstration of how the job is done.

The author set out to tell us what has been happening in Akron, where she once lived. At first she must have been inspired by the two fine books that the Lynds wrote on Muncie, Indiana, and especially by their "Middletown in Transition." But Akron is six times as big as Muncie-Middletown, and Miss McKenney had no such equipment as the Lynds for making a systematic survey. They had been faced by the sociologist's problem of how to *organize* a mass of material so as to omit nothing that was or might be essential. She was faced by the artist's problem of how to *select* only the most revealing episodes.

First she made a selection in time, confining her story to the period between January 1, 1932, at the bottom of the slump, and March 21, 1936, when the rubber workers won their first big strike. Next she made a selection of source material, confining herself for the most part to events that she found recorded in the files of Akron newspapers or heard described by people who had taken part in them. Every honest book reveals its principal sources in its form. "Industrial Valley" is presented honestly as a day-by-day record of Akron, a sort of diary. Each entry is an incident told as it might have been by an eyewitness or by a first-rate labor reporter.

But another selection was still to be made, this time among themes for major treatment. When the Lynds wrote their famous survey, they divided it into six sections: Getting a Living, Making a Home, Training the Young, Using Leisure, Engaging in Religious Practices and Engaging in Community Activities. They said, however, that the first section was by far the most important; getting a living was what determined the nature of life in Middletown. It determines life in Akron to the same degree; and Miss McKenney deals with it to the practical exclusion of the other five activities. But this suggests still further selections. Getting a living in Akron means working either in the rubber factories or else in some retail trade that depends on them—"The town stinks and throbs and sometimes gets rich and more often goes on relief with rubber." Working in the rubber factories is a story roughly equivalent to that of the United Rubber Workers of America, the URWA—how it was formed, how it was betrayed by William Green, how it was reorganized as an industrial union and how it won bargaining rights after the first big strike in the history of Akron. That strike becomes the center and climax of her book.

Such a process of selection is simple in theory but slow and difficult in practice, especially when applied to a confused wealth of material. A situation is gradually reduced to its central theme, which in turn is reduced to its crucial episode. That, I think, is part of the process followed by every good artist, but it has to be completed: after the narrowing by selection must come the broadening by inclusion. The crucial episode has to become a magnetic center from which lines of force project into the rest of the book. It has to be connected by a chain of causes with everything that went before it, and by a chain of effects with everything that follows.

I don't know whether Miss McKenney is factually justified in choosing the strike at Goodyear as the center of her narrative. I do know that she is artistically justified. She makes the strike a natural outcome of all the earlier events she has described or mentioned—first the sudden growth of the rubber industry during the War; then the influx of workers from the Southern hills; then the seizure of the factories by Eastern finance capital (only the Firestone plant is still locally owned); then the complete "rationalization" that increased the weight output of finished tires per man exactly 581 percent from 1914 to 1931 (with as much of the increase due to speedup as to improved machinery); then the depression, the breakdown in relief, the closing of the banks, the complete hopelessness of Hoover's last year—all this and more, the whole story of Akron, is involved in the strike she describes with such enthusiasm. And there is more involved even than that; the lines of force are also projected into the future. The strike at Goodyear was the sequel to the first American sitdowns; they began in Akron January 29, 1936; Miss McKenney says that they were suggested by Alex Eigenmacht, a printer who had seen them used in Hungary before the War. A few months later the same technique was used in France; the following winter it returned to the United States and helped to organize the automobile industry. Thus, an Akron strike was reflected in the history of two nations.

In praising Miss McKenney for the way her book is put together, I don't mean to say that it is flawless. Her forthright sympathies lead her into some distortions; her social satire is too heavily underlined and often seems merely sarcastic. There is a last brief section, "And Three Years After," in which she writes as a politician instead of an artist, and her political judgment is weakened by the mood of bitterly determined optimism that now prevails at The New Masses. These are not deadly faults. For the last eight years, people have been arguing about proletarian literature; it has been praised, reviled and more recently buried in potter's field, but the interesting point is that it has rarely been written. "Industrial Valley" is perhaps the best American example of that manner and medium. Even though it

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Rilke Literally

Translations from the Poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke, by M. D. Herder Norton. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 245 pages. $2.50.

THE FIRST comprehensive translation of Rilke's poetry appears in America after interest in Rilke's work, on the Continent and in England, has reached a high point. This interest has passed beyond the limits of simple literary appreciation, over into the exegetical criticism given to the prophet and philosopher. Rilke, in France, Italy, England and both pre-and post-Hitler Germany, has been made the center of a cult. His letters have been published fully, and his critics have ranged from enthusiasts who have tried to confer sainthood on him, through scholars bringing weights of learning to bear on the clarification of his thought. An English pamphlet published last year states, after listing twenty-two books and dissertations published in four languages, since 1934, on Rilkean problems: "The examination of representative Rilke publications gives the reader some idea of the multitude, greatness and variety of the problems that surround the poet's life and work. It will be seen that the tendency to make an absolute religion out of Rilke—at least as absolute a religion as the modern man wants or can stand—is very stubborn indeed."

M. D. Herder Norton, who has translated Rilke's prose, in the present volume passes over almost completely references to such problems. She is concerned, and rightly, with the relations between the translator and the poet. Faced with poetry whose subtlety of meaning is combined with great virtuosity in all poetic means, the translator may well hesitate. Rilke worked out of his early reliance on the stock forms and attitudes of late nineteenth-century German-Austrian poetry into work of infinitely wider range. The chief influence which helped him to throw off nostalgia and small lyric forms was his close acquaintance with the strong common sense of Rodin, and his study of the French Symbolist school. Symbolist color, plasticity and suggestion by striking images, when added to his native German tendency toward abstract nouns, adjective and verbs, produced, for a time, an amalgam not entirely harmonious. The history of Rilke's style—leaving his spiritual development to one side—is the history of the final reconciliation of these two practices. His early abstractions stayed on—the last Sonnets and Elegies are full of them—but they found their place in a style of extraordinary range which could, on the one hand, describe natural objects with great precision and, on the other, evoke states of feeling usually closed to all the arts save music. "Always he seduces to meanings."

Fully aware of the almost impossible task she has undertaken, Mrs. Norton has tried to solve the problem by giving the poems literally, without regard for their form. She has placed the original German on opposite pages, in the hope that the reader may find the form for himself. This method has much to recommend it; the translator promises to keep in a subordinate place. But it can fail in suggestiveness. Mrs. Norton often fails because she has no working knowledge of the turns proper to verse in all languages. At their worst, her translations are awkward and thin: the properly choice between precise meaning and feasible sound, which, in the German, are indissolubly fused in the poet's word or phrase.

The chief fault that the reader familiar with Rilke's work will find with Mrs. Norton's collection is on the ground of her selection. And one need not be a fanatical devotee of the Rilke legend to feel that any presentation of the poet's work must follow some account of his life. Rilke, like Yeats, lived a poet's life from youth on. His search was "always for an answer to the question 'How can we exist in the face of our inadequacies in life, death and love?'" This search, after his early mystical *Schwärmerei*, was deliberately planned. Critics have been struck by the lack, in Rilke, of "ordinary human (as opposed to an artistic) sense of ethical responsibility." He avoided close human relationships. He believed firmly in himself as an instrument upon which power greater than himself could play. He spent years of solitude waiting for intimation of this power to be given him. This earnestness has been interpreted, by his less friendly commentators, as the feeble drifting of the esthete. But one need only look at his poetry to know how well he knew his vocation. "*L'oeuvre d'art . . . a besoin de temps et de silence*," Rilke once said, and he was speaking from experience.

"The condition of being entirely alone and the condition of being entirely in reference to: this is the tension that runs through Rilke's life." Born in an ambiguous fatherland—Prague under the Hapsburgs—in 1875, he underwent a pampered childhood which delayed his development; later, at a military school, he suffered such tortures that his capacity for easy relationships with others was permanently warped. The Rilke of the early poems is "a hopelessly sentimental young man." After a journey to Russia he married a young sculptress who had known Rodin. He soon detached himself from this marriage, although remaining friendly toward his wife, went to Paris and lived, for a year, as Rodin's secretary. The atmosphere of the French capital at the time—about 1907—worked profound changes in the poet. He began "to see," to work regularly, to impose tasks upon himself. Faced with the full horror of the ruthlessness to the individual of the modern city, Rilke did not shrink from the spectacle. The great series of "Dingegedichte" which make up the two volumes of "Neue Gedichte," are the first poems in which Rilke "opens up new subjects for poetry" by finding "spiritual equivalents" not only in romantic aspects of nature, but also in the most terrifying modern manifestations of life. The sentimental *Weltanschauung* dissolved. From this time on Rilke's work is "based on the conviction that every known form of idealistic romanticism is . . . unworkable."

Of these "Neue Gedichte," which comprise one hundred and seventy-five poems, Mrs. Norton has translated eighteen. From the more immature "Das Buch der Bilder"—where Rilke began to break away from the poem describing "*Moi en Avril, en automne, le soir . . . en presence des jeunes filles, dans l'angoisse*, etc."—she has translated proportionately more. The best volume of selected poems, in German, chosen by the wife of Rilke's publisher, includes seven early poems, in a book of sixty-one selections. And Mrs. Norton has not included any examples of the last

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The graveyard on the back cover is the result of the strong suppressing the weak. In this nation, it has been a case of "the survival of the fittest," and, when such conditions exist for either animals or human beings, the time will come when a FEW will prevent the majority from having anything.

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Rilke's previous reworking of Old Testament and Greek myths, so that this cycle does not link up with a solid body of Rilkean reinterpretation, as it should.

But the German stands on the page, and can be examined. Anyone who possesses the inexplicable taste for great verse will recognize what is here, and be grateful for some aid toward further studies. For no matter how the Rilke cult may enlarge, the lover of poetry will agree with E. C. Mason, who says: "The growing tendency to elucidate and systematize the ideas in Rilke's work . . . involves the danger of neglecting its sheer poetic quality, which is, after all, what draws everybody to it." A poet's worth does not ultimately depend upon the nature of his "thinking," but upon the sensitiveness of his nature, the greatness of his heart and powers of endurance, and the beauty of his words.

LOUISE BOGAN

Ludendorff's Peace

The Forgotten Peace: Brest-Litovsk, March, 1918, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. New York: William Morrow and Company. 498 pages. $5.

THE LIGHT in which Mr. Wheeler-Bennett excavates the "forgotten peace" of Brest-Litovsk is strongly—though I should not say falsely—colored by recent events in Moscow and Berlin. Behind the Moscow trials, in the doings of the old Bolsheviks like Radek, he suspects a recurrence of the "primitive Leninism" of 1917-18, which was willing to cede a great deal to the enemies of Sovietism in order to obtain a "breathing space." The renascence of the German policy of 1917-18 seems far more certain. Hitler *is* Ludendorff redivivus and his Ukrainian ambitions represent a return to wartime Pan-Germanism, the manifestations of which seem rather neglected by the author. With this approach the book seems an indication that the period of liberal self-reproach about the rotten peace of Versailles is coming to an end. Apparently it is being replaced by the realization that a treaty like Brest-Litovsk, as intended, was worse than those instruments dictated in Paris a year later, which in themselves are not thinkable without the earlier treaty. Hitler's protest (in "Mein Kampf") that the treaty of Brest-Litovsk showed "positively boundless humanity in contrast to the inhuman cruelty of the other" may be ignored.

Having witnessed the conference myself in January, 1918, in the humble position of a young lieutenant and history student, I do not find the atmosphere of Brest-Litovsk very well recaptured. It is true, I find a familiar story here —about the Russian peasant delegate who inquired at dinner which wine, the red or the white, was the more potent, for he preferred the stronger sort; this was gleefully repeated by officers on either side who knew, if nothing else, how to order their drinks. But one looks in vain for an anecdote far more significant of the clash of the two incompatible systems, that of the young officer specially entrusted with the care of the one Russian woman delegate. As he attempted to kiss the hand that had once slain a Tsarist military governor, the lady rebuked him: "Young gentleman, omit it. Times are too serious for that."

No previous conference or congress was so characterized—cruel, unreasoning and wasteful as the process may seem, ful and inaccessible stenographers of the Russian delegation —and by the prevalence of uniforms, as was this of Brest-Litovsk. All this fitted in with the severe lines of the citadel, the blackened walls of a conquered and burnt-out city with almost no civilian population. It seemed obvious that this unpleasant place had been chosen, instead of a populous city like Vilna or Warsaw, because the virus of a revolutionary propaganda would find nothing to work on here. In this place, which was neither urban nor rural but merely the comfortable extension of the German trench line, all the peace-makers were equally out of their element: Trotsky, who had lately returned from the Bronx and who, to a history student, recalled Hegel's *Weltgeist*, now dismounted, passing by with jerky steps; and von Kühlmann, the First German Delegate, "who appreciated to the full the perfection of good wine, fine *objets d'art* and beautiful women." To combine these tastes with peace-making, Kühlmann had to wait a few months until another treaty was negotiated at Bucharest, where his behavior shocked the austere Pan-Germans. To characterize Kühlmann in this way and as the detached man who was "almost equally actor and critic," seems out of key to one who remembers him as the son of a Bagdad Railway director. I should be inclined to view him and his more moderate imperialism, accustomed to exercise other forms of "control," as fighting the battle for finance capital. He was faced by Trotsky's communism on the one side, and on the other by a Pan-Germanism to which "self-determination of peoples" was but "a crazy catchword." Also there was the land-grabbing of the German military, who were shortly to defeat Germany's supreme object, victory in the field, by chasing a million men after Eastern mirages when they should have been helping to conquer in the West. On the whole, such impersonal forces are neglected by the author in favor of personalities.

The strength and value of this book come decidedly under the academic headings of "diplomatic history" and "international relations." There it easily wins the distinction of being the best monograph on this peace that never became a peace.

ALFRED VAGTS

Have Faith in Evolution

Patterns of Survival: An Anatomy of Life, by John Hodgdon Bradley. New York: The Macmillan Company. 223 pages. $2.25.

WITH THE PERSUASIVE CHARM we have come to expect from him, Dr. Bradley here gives a scientist's confession of faith in human progress through what he calls "self-directed evolution." "In the economy of Nature," he writes from the vantage point of wide knowledge seasoned with mellow philosophic insight, "the excellence of an organism is not measured by the embellishments of anatomy but by the effectiveness with which it lives."

This theme he pursues through eleven chapters in which we learn much of the infinitely variegated patterns of the evolutionary process: each form, device, mechanism and adjustment is seen as just another of the ways that help to determine the biological stability of a species. Fortuitous,

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may, through the exercise of the unique attribute of "discontent," mold it to his own purposes. Those "revolutions," which Dr. Bradley regards as inseparable from man's biological development, are presumably to continue on the higher plane of deliberate social action based on sound knowledge and clear objectives.

Having reached this conclusion, Dr. Bradley takes his leave of us. Direct, straightforward and vigorous in his denunciation of all pseudo-scientific ideas of "race," "intelligence" and the "biological superiority" of this or that civilization, he is noticeably vague on the hard and far from academic question, What *kind* of society are we to strive for if we are really to plan our own future? Perhaps, in his next book, he will try to answer this question, which is becoming ever more urgently a concern of our scientists. And, when he does so, I hope it will be without recourse to the doubtless innocent but none the less annoying literary device of referring to "Nature," with a capital N, as a lady with many moods and tenses. HAROLD WARD

Knight of Labor

It Can Be Done, by James Hudson Maurer. New York: The Rand School Press. 374 pages. $3.

JAMES H. MAURER was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1864. He sprang from "old Dutch stock" and yet in the melting pot of his community and the nation he became a figure as American as Daniel Shays, William Jennings Bryan and Eugene V. Debs. Brought up in a home beset by toil, struggle and poverty, he managed to educate himself with little or no aid from the schools, such as they were. Like most boys in similar circumstances, he labored at a number of jobs ranging from selling newspapers to working as a machinist. Having energy, tenacity and skill in his craft, he could doubtless have made himself a prosperous manufacturer at least on a small scale. But early in his young manhood, Maurer was thrown into contact with a member of the old Knights of Labor organization and led to wonder about the poverty, strikes, unemployment and shootings that appeared around him, "in the good old days."

In the course of time Maurer became a leader in the local labor movement, in local politics, in state affairs and on the national stage. He served as a member of the Pennsylvania legislature and as city councilman in Reading. In 1912 he was elected president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor and held that office by reëlection until 1928. As a member of the Socialist Party, Maurer was active in the work of committees and as a candidate for various offices, including the governorship of Pennsylvania and the vice-presidency of the United States. In the state legislature and the city council, as head of the state Federation of Labor, as a speaker and traveler, he had a hand in many great battles of labor, in shaping social legislation and in forming public opinion, local and general. His has been a crowded life, symbolizing in many respects the leadership of our left-wing democracy, illustrating the strength, tactics and weaknesses of that powerful force in American society during the past fifty years.

Now at the age of seventy-four Maurer has set down his

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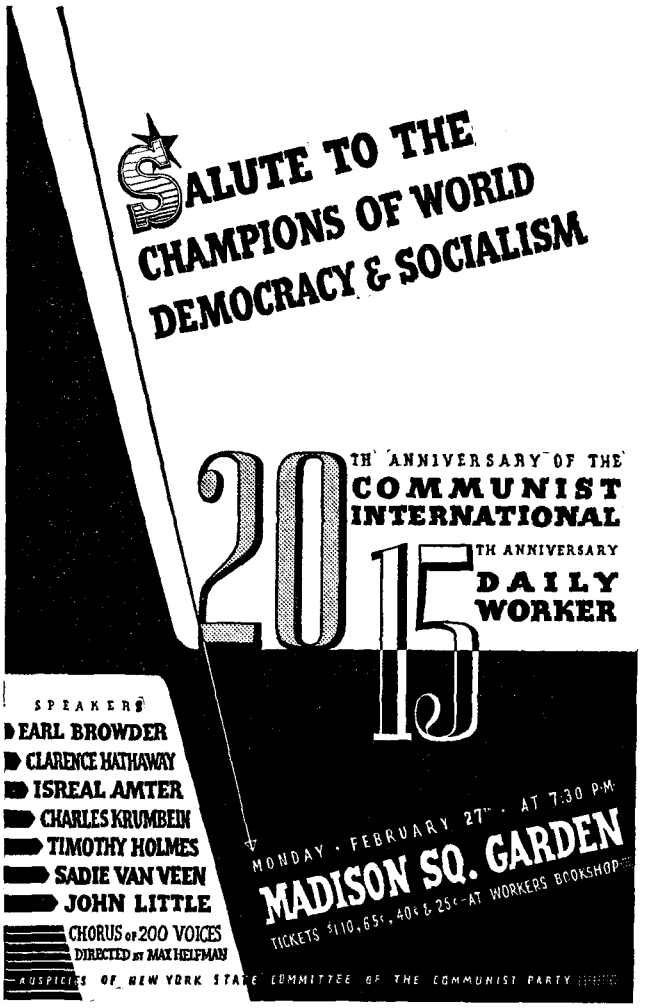
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in the United States from the edge of the Civil War to our own day. Within the compass of a brief review it is impossible to do more than indicate the richness of the materials—boyhood in the misery-ridden quarters of an industrial city, on a farm for a time with relatives, and here and there with aunts and uncles; the bitter struggle for bread as a boy; work and wages in factories; Knights of Labor beginnings; battles in the state legislature over labor organization and old-age pensions; contacts with politicians of all kinds; interviews with President Wilson; contests in the trade-union movement; Socialist Party politics; unremitting efforts to uphold civil liberties; pictures of war hysterics; bouts with the prince of prosecutors, A. Mitchell Palmer; rounds with the state police in labor disputes; studies of the labor movement abroad; participation in the Workers' Education movement; blacklists; attempts to win amnesty for persons convicted of questioning the war for democracy; vignettes of contemporaries, large and small; distortions and misrepresentations by "objective" newspapers; besides picturesque odds and ends—human, amusing and entertaining—of a busy life.

When the history of humanistic democracy in America is written, Jim Maurer's review of his years will serve as a guide and a sourcebook.

CHARLES A. BEARD

Stark Spain

After the Death of Don Juan, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

MISS WARNER begins her story where Molière and Goldoni end theirs. Don Juan disappears, after killing the father of the young lady upon whom he has been pressing his attentions. His valet spreads the story that he has been carried off by devils from hell. The young lady, marrying soon after the report of his death, takes her husband and retinue of servants to Don Juan's father in the distant provinces to tell the old man of his son's dire fate and pray for his soul. The father, Don Saturno, a cultivated and urbane liberal, receives the story with courteous incredulity. Meanwhile the peasants who work in Don Saturno's olive groves, hearing the rumor of Don Juan's death and believing that they will no longer be burdened with his extravagance, petition the old man to install a system of irrigation to water the arid groves; Don Saturno is ready to grant their request. At this point Don Juan suddenly appears at the castle. He opposes the plan for irrigation and, when the peasants break into armed uprising and surround the castle, he imprisons his protesting father and calls out the military. The novel ends with a bloody suppression of the peasant revolt.

Like "Lolly Willowes" and "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" the book is written with the stilted grace of Miss Warner's extremely effective style. It moves sedately, precisely, slowly—as if the action were taking place under clear water. Each scene is sharply focused, the gestures and details are crisp, the melancholy background of rural Spain is evoked with no extra word or phrase, while the whole novel is permeated with wit and irony.

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mands. For the peasants, toiling sturdily in the olive groves, intent and single-minded in their demands, Miss Warner displays a deep and unabashed sympathy. One remembers in particular the scene, rich in implications, in which a delegation of peasants come with their demands to Don Saturno:

> Their sunburned faces bent over the chart; the severe comeliness of their wiry limbs, their melancholy magpie clothes, delighted him like beholding a work of art. . . . The Spain that he loved, pungent and austere, the Spain he studied in his library among histories, documents, charts, pedigrees, portraits, and music books: it was here in these five men talking about water. . . .

It is this same Spain, "pungent and austere," which Miss Warner creates for us so magnificently in this novel. It is an interpretation in the language of the imagination—an interpretation which gives the present struggles in that land a deep and classical significance. SLATER BROWN

New Books: A Reader's List

INSIDE GERMANY, by Albert C. Grzesinski (Dutton, $3.50). An ex-Minister of the Interior for Prussia, now a refugee, writes a sad, retrospective analysis of the failure of the democratic revolution in Germany. The infantile "leftism" of the Communists; the republic's failure to take energetic action against the enemies of democracy; the senseless post-war policy of the Allies; perhaps most of all the German people's lack of "political common sense," their failure to cherish the new liberties of the Weimar regime—all made Germany an easy prey to unprincipled adventurers. And on an international scale Europe failed to call Hitler's "bluff"—the author makes it clear that it was a bluff—so that the Munich Pact means the triumph of force over democracy. Well written and depressing.

SPANISH PORTRAITS, by Jo Davidson (Georgian Press, $1). Published as a catalogue for an exhibition of Jo Davidson's portrait busts of Spanish Loyalist leaders. Ten fine photographic reproductions, each accompanied by a short essay on the person represented: John Gunther on Manuel Azaña, for example; Jay Allen on Miaja; Vincent Sheean on La Pasionaria, etc.

NAZI SPIES IN AMERICA, by Leon G. Turrou (Random House, $2). A fascinating and, on the whole, convincing account, by a former government agent, of the vast network of Nazi espionage in this country. First disclosed through the alertness of a postman in Dundee, Scotland, it was soon discovered to penetrate the army and navy, with spies holding key positions in nearly every part of the country. "Subversive" activities unparalleled in American history; but the Dies Committee seems to have overlooked the whole affair.

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT: Poet Laureate and Playwright-Manager, by Arthur H. Nethercot (Chicago, $4). Scholars will be grateful for this careful study of the Restoration dramatist and *bon vivant* who may have been Shakespeare's bastard and was certainly Charles II's gadfly. It should be the standard biography for a long time to come.

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THE ARCTIC, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson (Macmillan, $3.50). What became of

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history of some ill starred Arctic adventurers, and conjectures about their probable fate, by an explorer who knows the tricks of diet and climate and terrain of the north. Prefaced by a fascinating account of the lost Norse settlements in Greenland.

THE MIRACLE OF HAWORTH: A Brontë Study, by W. Bertram White (Dutton, $3.50). There are too many books on the Brontës, and always room for a good one. Mr. White's is one of the best, a fresh and sensitive study of the family as a unit that presents the Brontës' papa in a new light and evaluates the work of his daughters significantly. A complete work, with valuable bibliographies and chronological tables.

THE HANNES SCHNEIDER SKI TECHNIQUE, by Benno Rybizka (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). The Hannes Schneider method is based on three fundamental exercises: the snowplow, the snowplow turn and the *Stemmbogen*. It sounds easy, like falling off a log, but this reviewer found that he couldn't learn skiing from a book—even one as simple, schoolmasterly and well illustrated as Benno Rybizka's.

BIG FROGS AND LITTLE FROGS, by Susan Ertz (Harpers, $2.50). Fifteen skillful stories, all of them underlined by irony and most by a delicate humor. Miss Ertz's plots skirt triteness by a narrow detour, amble along a route of unabashed sentiment—and still wind up with a flourish and an impression of piquant freshness.

DANGER SIGNAL, by Phyllis Bottome (Little, Brown, $2.50). The education of a scorned woman, who thought she had to kill her seducer to protect the rest of her sex—and then met a psychiatrist. Intelligently and almost sweetly persuasive writing, in one of Miss Bottome's more pedagogical moods.

RELUCTANT PROPHET, by Harald Tandrup (Knopf, $2.50). Translated from the Danish by A. G. Chater. The story of Jonah and the Whale, retold with sly wit and a good deal of charm. Jonah, as a small-fry cake peddler, prefers making his pile in business to stirring up the conscience of Ninevah; God, as an efficient trustee with His tongue in His cheek, practically steals the show.

Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL has written numerous articles for The New Republic and other magazines on social, political and economic subjects. He lives in Washington, D. C.

VAN WYCK BROOKS is the author of "America's Coming of Age," "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," "The Flowering of New England" and other books.

LOUIS GUILLOUX has written a number of novels. His "Bitter Victory" was published in the United States by McBride in 1937, and has recently been published in England.

LOUISE BOGAN'S books of verse include "Body of This Death," "Dark Summer" and "The Sleeping Fury." She reviews poetry for The New Yorker.

ALFRED VAGTS is a German historian, now living in the United States, author of "A History of Militarism." He was an officer in the Prussian army from 1914-18.

HAROLD WARD'S special interest is in the social implications of science and technology, a subject on which he contributes frequently to various periodicals.

CHARLES A. BEARD has written widely on history, economics and politics. On March 28 Macmillan will publish his latest manuscript, "America in Midpassage," written in collaboration with his wife, Mary Beard.

SLATER BROWN, who has contributed book reviews and verse to many periodicals, lives in Patterson, New York.

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